

M^{rs}. Arundel
THE
VALLEY OF ST. GOTHARD,

A NOVEL,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY MRS. PARSONS,
AUTHOR OF
ANECDOTES OF TWO WELL-KNOWN FAMILIES,
MYSTERIOUS WARNINGS, AN OLD FRIEND WITH
A NEW FACE, &c. &c. &c.

VOL. II.

"Assemble all the evils which poverty, disease, or violence can inflict,
and their stings will be found by far less pungent than those which guilty
passions dart into the bosom, when the hour of reflection arrives."

BRENTFORD

PRINTED BY P. NORBURY;
AND SOLD BY J. WALLIS, No. 46, PATER-NOSTER-ROW.

1799.

THE
VALLEY OF ST. GOTTHARD

A NOVEL

IN THREE VOLUMES

BY MR. R. R. R.

ANTICIPATIONS OF TWO WELL-KNOWN FAMILIAR
MYSTERIOUS WATERS, AND A FRIEND WITH
A NEW PACE AND BEAT

VOL. II

"Astonishing all our eyes, and making us wonder the more,
and now that will be found at the bottom of the valley, and
the more we know, the more we know the more we know."



PRINTED BY W. MORTIMER
AND SOLD BY J. WATKINS & CO. PATERNOSTER ROW



THE
VALLEY
OF
ST. GOTHARD.

CHAP. XVI.

“Friendship is to love, what an engraving is to a fine painting.”

“I had a little recovered by the time we came to Mr. De Pretzler’s, tho’ my silence could not pass unmarked by the strangers, any more than the coldness of Madame Blomberg, for I saw them exchange significant glances that hurt me, tho’ I was not in spirits to take notice of them.

“After dinner, Mr. De Bude invited me to a ramble in the garden, as our friends appeared engaged with their bottle, and the politics of Europe.—I gladly accompanied him.

“I fear,” said he, “you are not well, or that

“this country has not the good fortune to please you.”

“There was an air of candour and good-nature about this young man that pleased me, I therefore frankly answered, “That my lady lay more in my mind, than in bodily complaints; and that from what I had seen of the country, I promised to myself much pleasure in a tour thro’ it.”

“Pray,” asked he, rather abruptly, “did you ever see Madame Blomberg before to-day?” I felt the colour mount to my face, but I disdained a falsehood, tho’ her behaviour, if she knew me, could do me no credit—I answered in the affirmative, “I had seen her and her daughter in Paris.” “Ah! then,” said he, “the mystery is developed; my friend, you have lost your heart to the lovely Christina.”

“The charge was so sudden and unequivocal, that my looks confessed it true before I could speak.

“I do indeed, admire that young lady greatly,” said I, with some emotion. “And you are come to Lucern after her, with a view



“view to rescue her from the Convent.”

“No,” I replied, “I have no such vain hopes, would to Heaven I had the means of doing it; but she seems a devoted victim, and her unnatural mother consigns her over to this dreadful sentence, without pity or remorse.”

“You are right,” returned he, “that woman has no feeling—her heart is hardened by pride, vanity, and avarice. She detests the idea of daughters, whose growing charms have totally eclipsed her own; and having two sons in the army, she flatters herself that the meanness of her own origin, will be lost in the name of her husband—in the consequence of her sons, and that she may again marry advantageously.

“Christina, brought up by a rich grand-uncle, gave her a thousand apprehensions lest he should make her daughter his heir. On this ground, knowing his bigotry, she contrived to make him believe the poor victim had a secret predilection for the protestant religion, and that it would be meritorious in the sight of Heaven, to make her

“a Nun, to stifle those pernicious tenets in
“their infancy, lest they should grow con-
“firmed and dangerous.”

“The old man, who had secretly wished
“for her profession, gladly coincided with her
“desires, and the consequence you know—
“the angelic girl is condemned to waste her
“days in perpetual confinement, and submit,
“without murmuring, to the arbitrary com-
“mands of unnatural relatives, whose selfish
“passions deserve the severest reprobation and
“punishment.”

“Every word uttered by De Bude, sunk
into my soul. “Is it impossible to see this
“lovely creature once more?” cried I, with
more vivacity than prudence. “Not *abso-*
“*lutely* impossible,” returned he, “Mr. De
“Pretzler, can if he pleases indulge you—the
“sees only her relations, he being one, if you
“can engage him in your interest, he certainly
“can take you to the Convent; and faith, you
“should command my good offices, were it
“possible to liberate her, and her inclinations
“should lean in your favour.”

“I

"I warmly thanked this generous young man, and without entertaining the least doubt of his sincerity, I freely committed to him my predilection for the lovely Christina, the advice of Madame Le Maitre, and my situation with Mr. Murray.

"De Bude heard me with attention. "To argue against the feelings of the heart," said he, "I know is a fruitless attempt; your's does not seem to be a transient passion, and must be perfectly disinterested. Family considerations you allow, militate against it; on that ground, you should well consider the consequences, not only to yourself, but to the object of your affections.

"Sudden friendships, any more than sudden love, are seldom to be depended upon, yet there is a certain frankness about you, that engages my regard. On the other hand, that openness of temper might prove the source of much disappointment and inquietude, if indiscriminately lavished upon strangers.

"You hazard every advantage being taken of such a disposition as your's, which I am

“inclined to think is the result of a good and
“generous heart; but believe me, you will
“meet with but few congenial ones—
“therefore in our commerce with the world,
“we are compelled to narrow our hearts, to
“limit our confidence, otherwise we run great
“risks of becoming dupes to the more artful
“and self-interested man, and suffer for a
“credulity, often bordering on folly.”

“He saw my countenance change—indeed
this lecture, deservedly incurred, from a young
man, little older than myself covered me with
confusion.

“Be not offended,” said he, taking my
hand, “I am not quite so young as I look,
“I am near thirty, and have acquired know-
“ledge in the school of experience. I was
“once ingenuous like yourself, but I found it
“necessary to be guarded by prudence, in my
“communications with mankind. I trust that
“my actions, as well as sentiments, are regu-
“lated by the laws of integrity and honour.

“But if we live in the world we must
“temporize a little, that is, not always to vo-
“lunteer our sentiments in opposition to
“others,

“others, nor affect a singularity which seldom
“does us any credit. Without playing the
“Censor, or making a *display* of morals, we
“may *act* with propriety and self-approbation.
“And tho’ I blame a too unguarded frank-
“ness, believe me, I am an utter enemy to
“duplicity, or that cold reserve which ba-
“nishes all friendly intercourse.—The happy
“medium is the thing,” added he, smiling,
“if it can be obtained.—I fear however that
“I have lost sight of it, in troubling you
“with my sentiments, unasked, without con-
“sulting your inclination.”

“I assured this worthy young man, that I
deemed myself greatly obliged to him, as I
was very sensible that my temper was too un-
guarded, and unsuspicious, and often needed
a monitor to regulate it agreeably to reason
and prudence..

“Is not Mr. Murray adequate to the task?”
asked he, “Have I not infringed on his de-
“partment?” “Mr. Murray,” returned I,
“directs my studies — but a knowledge of
“mankind, I have been left by him, to ac-
“quire from my own observations.”

“ I did not chuse to say any thing to the disadvantage of his morals or character—but, I lamented the loss of my former governor, from whose judgment I might have derived every advantage, had he been permitted to introduce me into society.

“ Mr. De Bude seemed pleased with my answer. “ Well,” said he, “ since you allow “ of my freedom, let me advise you coolly to “ consult your heart and your reason; give the “ latter fair play—endeavour to subdue a passion, that I am sorry to say, promises nothing auspicious to either.—Consider if your “ paternal fortune can support a wife, and the “ consequent expences of a family; whether “ you may not hereafter regret the sacrifice of “ interest to passion.

“ Before you so unreservedly opened to me “ your situation, I supposed you a young “ man of large independent fortune, suitable “ to your rank in society; you confess what “ you can call your own is comparatively small, “ and if you disoblige your grandfather in his “ favourite views, you expect nothing from “ him. Deliberate then well, on every probable
“ bable

“ bable consequence of disappointment and
“ distress, if you indulge your passion; and if
“ you can, let prudence and reason preside in
“ your determinations.”

“ I warmly thanked my new friend. Alas!
had Murray been so disinterestedly friendly
when we were in Paris, had he argued thus
coolly, and coincided with the advice of
Madame Le Maitre, as a friend, and as a go-
vernor chosen for me a different route, my
evil genius would have been counteracted, and
the most cruel misfortunes to myself and
others, had never taken place!

“ But why this simple apostrophe, was he
not purposely designed for the instrument of
my ruin? The bolt to destroy me was placed
in his hands—I only guided him to the vul-
nerable part that made short work of the cruel
plan that was formed against me.

“ After some further conversation we re-
turned to the gentlemen, who rallied us on
our long absence. “ I dare say,” observed
Mr. De Pretzler, “ their communications
“ have been very interesting—lovely women
“ the subject, and love the theme.” De

Bude made a laughing reply. We received a warm and general invitation to this gentleman's house; and De Bude promised to call on me without ceremony.

"Mr. Murray was civil, but not talkative, I observed the same line of conduct. I retired to rest with my head and heart full of every thing De Bude had said—I determined to make no efforts to see Miss Blomberg for some days, that my reason might not be overpowered by her fascinations, but have full scope for obtaining the government of my passions.

"After our accustomed morning exercises, Mr. Murray went out, without asking me to accompany him, or saying when he should return. De Bude called on me, and rambled round the city and its environs—also introduced me to two very agreeable families. Christina's name was not mentioned by either.

"Near a fortnight passed on in this manner—I grew thin, pale, and dejected; the restraint I put on my feelings affected my health. I found it a vain attempt to forget Christina, my passion increased, my inquietude was inexpressible.

expressible. I ardently longed to hear of her, to speak of her—still I persevered in silence, till the weak body sunk under the conflicts of my mind, and I found myself very ill,—without Mr. Murray's deigning to enquire the nature of my disorder.

"What ails you," said De Bude, one morning, "you give me great concern; speak, tell me, can I serve you?—Do not thus feed your complaints by stifling them;—I conjure you to tell me why you are thus ill and oppressed."

"Thus urged I no longer withheld my confidence; I acknowledged the weakness of my heart; and confessed my whole soul was devoted to Christina; and that I found every attempt to conquer my passion was vain and fruitless.—She engrossed every faculty of my soul.

"I pity you sincerely," said he, "and since this deep rooted attachment is unconquerable, I will take one step which I think highly necessary, previous to my lending you any assistance towards your admittance into the Convent.—I will see Christina myself."

"How!

“ How ! *You*,” said I, — “ can *you* see her ? ”
“ I can,” he replied, “ I have a relation there,
“ on intimate terms with her sisters ; I suppose,
“ therefore, not unknown to Christina. — I
“ would not tell you this, lest you should im-
“ portune me to introduce you—but I see by
“ the conflict in your mind, that you have
“ discretion.

“ I have no doubt but I shall see her ; I will
“ mention your arrival, and shall soon be
“ enabled to judge, whether you have made
“ any impression upon her heart.—If I find
“ you have, behold me devoted to serve you,
“ and release her.

“ If on the contrary, she proves indifferent,
“ and content with her situation, whatever you
“ suffer, you must resign all hope or endeavours
“ to see her ;—it will be cruel to disturb *her*
“ repose, and indulge in yourself a hopeless
“ passion, which time, reason, and despair will
“ certainly cure.”

“ I embraced my friend with gratitude, I
engaged faithfully to abide by his counsel, and
wait the event of his visit to the Convent.
He then mentioned the singular behaviour of
Mr.

Mr. Murray, who he understood passed whole days together with Madame Blomberg; and this intimacy so strange, with his total neglect of me, had engaged, he said, the observation of every one; and the consequent remarks were not much to the credit of either him or me.

“ I felt the impropriety of Mr. Murray’s conduct towards me, and the little respectability attached to my situation.—Deserted by my governor, and excluded from his parties—but I was too proud to remonstrate, and his coldness precluded any familiar converse between us. Indeed, to say the truth, I was not sorry to be left to the indulgence of my own ideas, therefore gave myself but little concern to whom his visits were paid.

“ It was three days after this conversation with De Bude, before it was resumed by him, and I determined to rein in my impatience, and practice self-denial until he should voluntarily begin it. The fourth day he called on me soon after dinner, when Mr. Murray and I were sitting in a pick-tooth way, neither being inclined to talk.

“ He

“He arose on De Bude’s entrance, and after a little desultory conversation, took leave of us, having, he said, an engagement.—

“Now, my friend,” said De Bude, “I am brim-full of intelligence,—good or bad the event must determine.—Do not interrupt me and I will be very exact.”

“I bowed my head, greatly agitated, and dreading what he might have to communicate. He proceeded thus:

“For two days past I have been endeavouring to procure an interview with Christina, thro’ the interest of my friend; this morning I succeeded—she was at the grate with my relative. After the customary salutations, I said, “For some days past, Miss Blomberg, I have been rambling thro’ the city with a gentleman who knew you in Paris.”—She blushed scarlet deep—“Me, Sir! I was very little known at Paris, and only once in Public.”

“O,” said I, smiling, “to a susceptible mind, where charms are too fascinating to be overlooked, *once* is sufficient to make a lasting impression.”

“I.

“ I observed she trembled and seemed
“ greatly confused.—“ You are jesting,” said
“ she in a low voice, “ but you should con-
“ sider my situation,—such jests are ill-timed
“ when addressed to me.” She turned from
“ me. “ Stop, Miss Blomberg, I entreat you,
“ I do not mean to offend, but I conjure
“ you to answer me one question.”—“ I can
“ promise nothing,” replied she, “ to what does
“ your question tend ?”—“ To the happiness
“ or misery of a worthy and deserving individual
“—let me beseech you to say, whether the
“ monastic life is the effect of your own
“ choice, or if your inclinations coincide with
“ the will of others ?”

“ She was excessively agitated, and for some
“ moments incapable of speaking ; at length
“ with an air and voice equally solemn, she
“ answered me thus,—“ I know not, Sir,
“ why *you* should be solicitous to enquire into
“ the nature of my feelings, or any good pur-
“ pose that can be answered by it. You see
“ me here in my noviciate, it matters not
“ whether by my own choice or not ; it is the
“ path chalked out for me by those who have
“ power

“power over me, and I hope Heaven will
“assist me in preparing myself worthily to
“take the veil.”

“Ah! Christina,” cried my cousin, “you
“are a victim to unwarrantable views;—your
“heart, I know, has no share in this seclusion
“from the world.” The lovely girl tried to
“speak, but burst into tears,—I was extremely
“moved. “Dear young lady,” said I, “do
“not voluntarily plunge into wretchedness
“that is remediless; spare yourself unutterable
“sorrow and never ending regret—You do
“not, *I see* you do not wish to be a nun.”

“Perhaps,” said she, trying to dry her tears,
“perhaps, if left to fix for myself, my choice
“might not have fallen on a monastic life.
“But I have no alternative, therefore those
“who are my friends should exert themselves
“to reconcile and prepare me for a state which
“when once entered into, I humbly trust, the
“Almighty will render me worthy of.”

“’Tis not by an *imposed* seclusion from the
“world,” returned I, “that Heaven can be
“well served; voluntary duties, and active fer-
“vices best please the Almighty Father. But
“if

“if your heart has no *preferable* choice,—if
“there is no object that is dear to it, and the
“loss of whom you may regret—then indeed
“religion, time, and reason may reconcile you
“to the fate chosen for you.—Should, how-
“ever on the contrary, your heart have been
“susceptible—and if there should be any ob-
“ject dear to it, and difficult to forget—Ah !
“lovely Christina, do not submit to imposed
“irreligious vows ; or hope to drive from that
“heart an impression that solitude will nourish,
“and remembrance embitter every hour of
“your life.”

• She had sunk on a seat, hiding her face,
“covered with tears, on the bosom of her
“companion. When I stopped, she looked
“up with such an expression of grief as I never
“saw equalled.—“O, Sir,” said she, “why, why
“did you come here to encrease my misery,
“to shew me what a wretch I am, without
“the smallest hope of relief!”

“Comfort yourself, sweet lady,” I replied,
“you have said enough;—I presume not to
“pry into the inmost folds of your heart.
“I came on a friendly design to serve the
“most

“ most amiable of men, one who has followed
“ you from Paris, distracted with grief and
“ despair. Need I name him, or does your
“ heart acknowledge him?”

“ Ah!” said she, deeply sighing, “ ’tis Mr.
“ Dunford, the friend of Madame Le-
“ Maitre.” “ The ardent lover of the charm-
“ ing Christina,” rejoined I. I then proceeded
“ to tell her your situation—the sacrifices that
“ in all probability would follow the indulgence
“ of your passion. I mentioned your inde-
“ pendence, that, small as it was, if she would
“ consent to share it, you would find it enough
“ for happiness ; and that I would engage to
“ procure her liberty, and see her safely with
“ you, if she felt any predilection in your
“ favour.”

“ She raised a thousand obstacles, (but not
“ one against *you*, except her very transient
“ acquaintance, tho’ she confessed she had not
“ for one hour forgotten you.) I laughed at
“ those difficulties she mentioned, assured her
“ love and friendship could surmount them
“ all ;—bid her confide in my cousin, and in
“ two days I would see them again.”

“ Modesty

“ Modesty and timidity again made many
“ scruples; I told her, in her situation the
“ deviations from delicacy which seemed to
“ hurt her, were not only pardonable but me-
“ ritorious; since it was to preclude her from
“ being compelled to perjure herself before
“ Heaven, and becoming the victim to unna-
“ tural avarice. At the same time that she
“ would have the power of giving happiness
“ to a worthy man—a sight more acceptable
“ to the Supreme Judge, than forced vows
“ and negative virtue.

“ In short, I pleaded your cause so effectually,
“ that aided by an auxiliary in her own bosom,
“ she consented to receive a letter from you,
“ explicitly stating your real circumstances,
“ without disguising the disagreeables that
“ were attached to the indulgence of your
“ passion.

“ She trusts to your honour for the candour
“ of your explanations; and when every thing
“ is before her, she will weigh each argument,
“ for and against, with deliberation, and she
“ hopes with disinterestedness;—till then she
“ will not see you, for she wishes to be unbi-
“ assed.

“affed. And should it appear to her, that
“in granting your desires she should involve
“you in misery and difficulties, no self-con-
“sideration shall induce her to accede to
“them.

“I left this charming young woman,” con-
cluded De Bude, “impressed with the highest
“respect and admiration for her;—she deserves
“to be happy, would to Heaven that the road
“was smooth before her. But I foresee, even
“in the gratification of your mutual affection,
“many rubs, many painful circumstances, that
“must arise hereafter.”

“Young, sanguine, and thoughtless, I cried
out, in a transport bordering on enthusiasm,
“Impossible!—if the lovely Christina is mine,
“I defy the power of fortune to make us mi-
“serable!—My whole study will be to make
“her happy. Riches I do not covet, with
“moderate desires, and a mutual wish to please
“and be pleased—ah! my friend, what can
“rise to impede our perfect felicity?”

“He shook his head,—“You are but little
“acquainted with mankind, and the difficulties
“of life;—perfect felicity is not attainable.

“I

“ I am sure your heart is good, and your mind
“ unadulterated by the vices that contaminate
“ two thirds of mankind. The lovely Christina
“ has also a thousand virtues, but you are
“ neither of you faultless ; 'tis not in human
“ nature to be free from error, any more than
“ it is to expect uninterrupted happiness—
“ which must always in some degree depend
“ on others, not entirely on our own hearts.

“ Nevertheless,” continued he, “ I fear you
“ have not fortitude to struggle against this
“ fatal passion ; nor can she ever reconcile her-
“ self to take the veil, without many bitter
“ regrets.—I therefore consider your union as
“ the lesser evil of the two, and pledge my-
“ self to assist you, should your arguments
“ prove successful with that amiable young
“ woman, for whom I am deeply interested.”

“ I was struck with the good sense and ra-
tionality of my worthy friend, and truly grate-
ful for his good opinion and kindness ; but I
was too much elated with hope, too trans-
ported by passion, to attend with calmness to
the language of reason. The forfeiture of my
grandfather's favour, and share of his fortune,
appeared

appeared trifling, when weighed in the balance against the possession of Christina. And if she would consent to share my very moderate fortune, I could look with disdain on grandeur, and relinquish riches without a sigh.

“Such were the illusive ideas of youth and inexperience!—I retired to write, with a heart overflowing with love, and with all the eloquence the little blind god could inspire, I sought to plead my cause, and obtain the favourable judgment of Christina.

CHAP.

C H A P. XVII.

"It often happens that a good, of which we have no great conception while it is in our hands, becomes mightily raised in its value, when taken from us, and possessed by another."

"THIS letter to Christina, was the first love letter I had ever written; and I was really astonished at my own powers, and the facility with which I expressed my thoughts.—Love was indeed an inspirer, my heart was in the subject, and I delineated its feelings in the most impassioned terms. I was however candid and just in my representations, tho' I softened the disagreeables, by painting the happiness of two hearts with moderate desires, enjoying peace and independence.

"I communicated what I had written to my friend; he smiled—"You are a flattering painter," said he, "you touch up the defects"

“fects of your portrait with a light brush,
“whilst your whole skill is employed to
“heighten every agreeable feature, that the
“former may be lost in the contemplation of
“the latter. It must be confessed love is
“eloquent, no wonder if the warmth and
“energy of its expressions oftentimes usurps
“a dominion over reason, ’till the temporary
“illusion vanishes, and judgment resumes
“her empire.”

“You do not mean to infer,” said I, “that
“love and reason are incompatible?”—“Not
“absolutely,” returned he. “Were you in
“happier circumstances, I should readily
“allow that both judgment and prudence
“sanction your choice; but I dare appeal to
“yourself in a moment of reflection, if in your
“situation there will not be considerable draw-
“backs from that felicity, which the enthu-
“siasm of love has pictured to your views.”

“Ah!” said I, “do not you strengthen
“the objections of Christina against me.”—
“No,” he replied, “her own judgment is
“sufficient to direct her. I will tell you can-
“didly, had I found her indifferent towards
you

“ you as a mere casual acquaintance, I would
“ have exerted myself to prevent your visits
“ to the Convent, that her peace might not
“ have been endangered—hence my wish to
“ see her previous to your attempts; but when
“ I was convinced by observation, that one
“ unlucky evening had made an impression on
“ *her* heart similar to your’s. I confess the
“ horror I conceived at her being compelled
“ to take the vows against inclination, and
“ with a preferable affection for an earthly
“ object, at once determined me in your fa-
“ vour, as by far the less evil of the two.—
“ Therefore I repeat, her acquiescence to your
“ wishes, will bind me firmly to your interest.”

I embraced my worthy friend with fervor and gratitude, and committed my letter to his hands.

“ During this business of my heart, I was not quite inattentive to the conduct of Mr. Murray.—He read with me every morning, and confined his conversation entirely to the subject of my studies—his time was every day gradually shortened—his reserve and haughtiness rather increased than diminished—

nor did he ever ask me to be in his parties. The idea of a governor was quite absurd, for I was left to choose my own company and amusements.

"I was very sensible of this impropriety in his conduct, but having my own reasons for not courting his society, I let it pass unnoticed, and apparently, with perfect indifference; tho' his continual visits to Madame Blomberg, and their great intimacy, seemed very mysterious.

"The morning on which I had given De Bude the letter for Christina, we walked out, and called on Mr. De Pretzler.

"Mr. Murray has just left me," said he, "are you acquainted with the news he has received from Paris?" I replied in the negative. "Then I can inform you," returned he, "the uncle of Madame Blomberg is dead, and has left the whole of his fortune *to her*, without any restrictions; tho' it was generally understood the sons were to have it, for which cause the girls were thrown into a Convent. But Murray says, *the whole* is given to her; possibly therefore, the

“the young Christina may escape the veil,
“not being yet professed.”

“I was rather surprised at this intelligence, but it afforded neither pleasure nor hope to me, for should Christina be taken from the Convent, I had cause to think her mother’s views were inimical to me, as she certainly, without any reason that I could assign, had treated me with a marked neglect and contempt; therefore would most likely interdict her daughter from having any acquaintance with a man she disliked.

“Mr. De Pretzler proceeded to say, with a gay air, “Suppose now your governor and the wealthy widow should make a match of it.” “I should not think such a union likely to take place,” returned I, “for Murray’s person is not very captivating, nor I believe is his fortune any recommendation—he boasts much of his great connexions, but as they have not done any thing for him, *that alone* will scarcely recommend him.”

“Well,” said Mr. De Pretzler, “tho’ his claims appear small in your eyes, I do as-
C 2
“sure

“sure you there seems to be that intimacy
“and good intelligence between them, that
“the event I speak of, would not surprise me.
“Some women have capricious fancies—Mur-
“ray flatters all her foibles, and coincides
“with her judgment in every thing—and
“that fawning complaisance has a thousand
“charms for a weak mind.”

“De Bude returned to dine with me.—
Just before dinner was served, Murray came
in to dress; he looked gay and animated, and
I thought, exultingly. “You do not dine
“at home?” said I, coldly. “No, I am
“engaged, and shall hardly return ’till a late
“hour.” “It must be confessed,” I returned,
sarcastically, “that I am extremely fortunate
“in a governor, who gives me all imaginable
“liberty of choice, as to companions or
“amusements.” “I believe,” said he, “you
“have made your selection of *both*, without
“deigning to consult me; our complaisance
“is at least reciprocal, tho’ on your side, you
“have forgotten the respect *due to my*
“character.”

“Pardon

"Pardon me, Mr. Murray, the neglect is
 "all your own; I have endeavoured to affi-
 "milate my ideas to your's, and have always
 "given as much as you were entitled to
 "demand."

"And who is to be the judge," cried he
 haughtily, "not a weak impetuous boy, who
 "is now tottering on a precipice, and who
 "rashly provokes the dangers that must dash
 "in pieces all his chimerical hopes for
 "ever."

"I was going to reply with great asperity,
 when De Bude interfered — "Excuse me,
 "gentlemen, this is going too far; this lan-
 "guage is unbecoming in both. You are
 "too warm, Mr. Dunford; recollect, Mr.
 "Murray holds a character that entitles him
 "to your consideration. And you, Sir, please
 "to reflect this young gentleman is your
 "pupil, he is young in a knowledge of man-
 "kind, and his passions may perhaps outstep
 "the bounds of prudence."

"He will *very soon* be sensible of his error,"
 returned he, and with a stiff bow to De Bude,
 left the room.

“ My friend saw me greatly agitated,—
“ You were to blame,” said he, “ to irritate
“ him, for I fear he is not much inclined in
“ your favour, and may possibly influence
“ your grandfather against you.”

“ Of *that* I have no doubt,” said I, “ my
“ hopes there are very slender, for I have seen
“ my favour with him gradually declining;—
“ my brother and sister have superseded me,
“ and by gratifying his ambition, greatly
“ lessened my consequence. The ruin he
“ meanly threatens, I am prepared for, and I
“ see it fast approaching.—My fears are, lest
“ he should acquire any power to impede my
“ happiness with Christina.”

“ I confess,” said my friend, “ that I shall
“ dread that power, if he has any intimation
“ of your affection for her.”—“ That is past
“ a doubt, nor should I be surprised if he has
“ spies both on you and me.—His whole con-
“ duct is inexplicable, for suspecting my par-
“ tiality to Christina, why did he bring me
“ here, if he thought it improper to be
“ encouraged?”

“ De

“ De Bude shook his head, “ I really fear,”
said he, “ a deep plot has been formed against
“ you, and that this man is the instrument
“ to ruin you. I shall be sorry if I wrong
“ him, but certainly appearances justify sus-
“ picion, for you are left free to fall into all
“ manner of error, which an open, generous,
“ unsuspecting heart may be liable to; and
“ the chance was, that you might mix with
“ improper company, had not your good sense
“ and steady principles been superior to what
“ might have been expected in one of your
“ age and inexperience.”

“ Ah ! my beloved Belmont,” exclaimed I,
“ my tutor, my monitor, and friend !—What
“ do I not owe to your unwearied attention !
“ The intrigues, and cruel policy of my ene-
“ mies have deprived me of your friendship,
“ and suppressed a correspondence that might
“ have counteracted all their schemes.”

“ These regrets are now useless,” said De-
Bude, “ exert your reason and fortitude ; your
“ passions are warm, the impetuosity of youth
“ may compel you to commit errors, the con-
“ sequences of which might embitter your

“ whole life.—Beware of this Murray, but do
“ not provoke him ; tho’ I detest duplicity,
“ yet I think you should temporize a little.
“ Bear with his impertinence ; do not resent
“ with a warmth that may tend to throw you
“ into a very disagreeable predicament, his
“ character and age considered.”

“ Well,” returned I, “ you shall guide me.
“ we will not meet again this evening, to-
“ morrow I may be more cool.”—He approv’d
of my moderation, and changed the subject to
the commission I had given to him, which
hushed all my strong passions in a moment.

“ The following morning, when I descended
to the breakfast room, I was informed by my
servant, that Mr. Murray left word he was
going into the country, and should not return
for some days. Such extraordinary proceed-
ings perplexed me not a little ; I felt myself
treated with a contempt and disregard, that it
was impossible to bear ; and in spite of my
friend’s admonitions, I resolved on his return
to demand an eclarcissement of his conduct.

“ On the second day after his departure De
Bude brought me the transporting intelligence
that

that I should accompany him to the grate of the Convent the following day, as his brother, and a relation to the lady he visited.

“How tedious did the hours creep on that day!—How lively were my transports, how gay my hopes of happiness!—Joy and expectation precluded sleep, and I hailed the tardy dawn with the most delightful emotions. That day I was to see Christina, to see her sensible of my passion, and not averse to the indulgence of it!

“When De Bude came, he thought it necessary to check my transports, and correct my passion, by wise and sensible admonitions.—Worthy young man! amidst all the misfortunes of my life, never have I ceased to esteem, to be grateful for the many proofs of thy disinterested friendship to an unfortunate man, whose passions and impatient spirit rendered all thy kindness unavailing!

“But to return,—I was a little confused at my extravagant emotions when lectured by my good friend,—I promised to be more rational and composed, but when we entered the parlour, and the attending nun went to

call the sisters, 'tis impossible to describe my feelings!—Christina appeared, and all things else were forgotten.

“To repeat our conversation is out of my power, she repeatedly urged me to resign all thoughts of her; painted the difficulties of her escape as insurmountable; and the loss of my fortune the sure consequence of an attempt to effect it, whether it proved successful or not.

“Inspired by love, my arguments proved so powerful, so irresistible, that at length I silenced all her objections, tho’ she said I had not convinced her judgment.—“Reason,” said she, “tells me that I have done wrong in admitting this visit; my heart is weakly conquered, I may say against conviction, and surely that is unpardonable.”

“As I cannot do justice to the propriety and delicacy of her sentiments, I shall not enlarge upon them; 'tis sufficient to say, that all-powerful love conquered, and I obtained a tacit permission to effect her liberty, if it could be done without danger to me or herself.

“I

“I returned in transports,—I embraced my friend a hundred times;—“Moderate your joy,” said he, “’tis premature, much is yet to be done; and I protest to you that I am rather apprehensive of some treachery, from the facility with which an interview has been obtained, without even a witness to our conversation.—I little expected any other fruits from this meeting than simply the pleasure of seeing each other;—I know not what to conjecture from this unusual liberty on a repetition of my visits.”

“I was too happy to imbibe any part of my friend’s fears,—I seemed to tread on air, and already anticipated expected happiness, without permitting a cloud to intervene that might obscure the delightful prospect, fancy had raised to cheat my senses and lull them into a false security.

“The remembrance of that day, any more than the following one, will never be forgotten. I was not rational enough to form any projects to forward my wishes, and De Bude advised patience and a delay of some days, that we might judge whether the death of Madame Blomberg’s

Blomberg's uncle would make any alteration in the situation of Christina.

"We parted at a late hour, nor did I rest till the dawn of day, when I got a few hours sleep, visited by the most delightful visions, and arose with fresh spirits and new hopes. I had scarcely breakfasted, tho' almost noon, when Mr. Murray unexpectedly arrived,—we saluted each other very formally;—"A late breakfast, I think, Mr. Dunford," "Yes, Sir, I overslept myself this morning,—are you just arrived from the country?" "I am, my ride has been but short, only five miles from town." He called for the servant to get his things ready to dress, took up a book,—was silent,—and I finished my repast.

"He soon retired to dress, I continued sitting at the table when letters were brought from the post,—there were two for Mr. Murray and one for me, addressed by my grandfather. I sent up his, and opened my own,—it was short, but much to the purpose,—I transcribe it in his own words.

"MR.

“MR. DUNFORD,

“Ingratitude and duplicity
“are the vices of a wicked and depraved
“heart,—to fly in the face of a parent, (for
“such I have proved myself,) to brave his
“anger, disobey his commands, and form
“low connexions to disgrace a family, are
“the marks of a corrupt, mean, groveling
“mind. I warned you of good and evil,—
“my favour and fortune would have been
“your’s, had you followed the path I chalked
“out for you,—the certain forfeiture of both
“would attend your disobedience. You
“began early your career of duplicity, by
“feeling your mother;—you have persevered
“in the same system,—your letters, with a
“parade of sentiment, correspond but little
“with your actions.—Insolence and ingra-
“titude are the leading features, and to crown
“all, you are in pursuit of a low, portionless
“girl.—You are *now upon an equality with*
“*her*,—from this hour I blot you from my
“remembrance. I have erased your name
“from my will,—not one shilling after this
“day will you receive from my bounty,
“which

“ which you have so scandalously abused,—I
“ leave you to the fate you have chosen.

“ When you are one-and-twenty, your ac-
“ counts shall be made out and settled.—I
“ will hear no delusive tales, receive no sub-
“ missions,—I have done with you for ever.—
“ You are your own master,—Mr. Murray
“ has his directions.—Neither Lord Dunford,
“ nor his sister, Lady John Sedgmore, nor my
“ friend the Duke, not one of the noble fa-
“ mily will ever see or acknowledge any af-
“ finity with such a worthless fellow.—I cut
“ you off equally from my affection and
“ fortune.”

“ This was a thunderbolt I was little pre-
pared for. I had talked in the language of
romance of the worthlessness of riches, its in-
sufficiency to procure happiness, and of the
loss of my grandfather's fortune as a trivial
sacrifice to love and felicity.

“ At a distance I viewed this very blow as
a stroke I could parry off with contempt and
indifference.—The hour of trial arrived, and
at a moment when I was indulging the most
delicious dreams of fancied bliss. I was “ now
“ my

"my own master,"—true, but I was likewise master of a small sum of money, comparatively trifling, to support me 'till I should be one-and-twenty; yet even the sum I had was much more than my grandfather could suppose me possessed of, therefore it was pretty plain my enemies meant to push me on the greatest extremities.

"I was reading this cruel letter for the fourth or fifth time, scarcely sensible of the contents, and my heart swelling with the most painful emotions, at such unmerited reproaches, when Mr. Murray entered the room, his face in a glow and an open letter in his hand. "I presume, Mr. Dunford, you "have had a letter from your grandfather; I "have also received one, the contents very "unexpected—will you read it, and save me "the ungrateful trouble of repeating bad "news?"

"I am ready to hear whatever you have "to say, Sir." I felt really sick at heart and incapable of perusing the paper. "Then, "Sir, *on what grounds I know not*, your grandfather has taken a decided aversion to you
" —has

“—has made your brother and sister his heirs
“—and one hundred pounds, which I have
“orders to give you, is all, every shilling, you
“are to expect from him.

“I have my directions to separate from
“you, and you are master of your own time
“and actions. Should you return either to
“Scotland or England, you will be utterly
“disclaimed by your family, from whom you
“have nothing to expect. Such, Sir, is the
“sum of what I am sorry to relate; for how-
“ever ill-treated I have found myself, I am
“incapable of rejoicing in the ruin of any
“man.”

“The air and manner which he assumed,
was insupportable—indignation, pride, every
feeling of the soul was roused almost to mad-
ness.—I attempted to speak, but for a few
moments rage choked my utterance—at
length I exclaimed, “You and your base
“confederates, Sir, have succeeded in your
“views; I know well how to appreciate your
“good offices, and do all possible justice to
“your sincerity and honour.—But know, and
“you may tell your contemptible employers,
“that

“that injured as I am, robbed of a share in
“that fortune, to attain which they have
“plunged into guilt and falsehood—know that
“I feel myself superior to such despicable
“wretches.”

“The losers have leave to rail,” said he,
with an exulting malicious smile. “True, and
“the winners may laugh—the labourer is
“worthy of his hire, and I doubt not but *you*
“are to be well paid for your dirty work—
“your false representations.”

“Have a care, Sir,” cried he, enraged, “I
“warn you to beware what you say.” “O,
“Sir,” I rejoined, “I freely commit myself
“to you, I can say nothing *to you* that I shall
“not be as ready to prove to others, and ren-
“der you as despicable as you are vile and
“unprincipled.”

“’Tis impossible to paint his rage—he
tore open his pocket book—“There,” said
he, “there is an order for a hundred pounds,
“to last you for eighteen months to come.
“You had best turn volunteer, carry the
“musket and repent your ill-conduct at lei-
“sure.” He flew out of the room, and passed

De

De Bude at the door, who entering saw me almost convulsed with the agitations of my mind.

“My good friend,” said he, “why is this? surely you are impolitic to provoke this man’s resentment; an impatient spirit draws on itself the evils it is so eager to avoid.” I made no reply, but pointed to the two letters, mine I had thrown on the table, and Murray had left his there, when he took out his pocket book.

“He hastily run over both letters, then turning to me with a look of friendly concern, “That you have had ill-offices done you, does not admit of a doubt, and your relatives have certainly taken unjustifiable measures to supersede you in the affection of your grandfather:—But, my dear Mr. Dunford, do not give way to despair, there may be a possibility to undeceive him, were it worth while to make the attempt.

“No,” replied I, “the attempt would be fruitless, I know his disposition too well, inflexible and obstinate; the same denunciation made against my poor mother, has
“fallen

“fallen upon me.—He has but one ruling
“passion, ambition!—to that he would sa-
“crifice every other consideration. — My
“brother and sister have contrived to gratify
“that predominating feature in his character,
“and the ties of affinity with an insignificant
“being like me are entirely broken.”

“Knowing this,” said he, “have you not
“been indiscreet to run counter to his wishes;
“particularly to indulge an inclination, that
“you knew must inevitably bring on the
“event which has now only *prematurely* taken
“place? Why have you rashly pointed the
“weapon of an enemy against your bosom,
“against judgment, and in defiance of con-
“sequences you had no hope to throw off?”

“My first offence,” returned I, “from
“which has originated the undeserved dis-
“pleasure of my grandfather, and given an
“opportunity for my relatives to plan my
“ruin, was an act of duty to my mother;
“who however she had offended her father,
“was fully entitled to the small mark of res-
“pect from a child, which I paid to her—
“Never for a moment have I regretted that
“step.

“step; I fulfilled only a duty, and if I had
“the power to chase sorrow from the bosom
“of a parent, to inspire tender emotions, and
“give her one pleasurable hour, I shall deem
“the sacrifice of interest both honourable
“and meritorious.”

“Your conduct towards your mother was
“unquestionably justifiable,” returned he,
“but tho’ that step displeased your grand-
“father, it did not entirely alienate his affec-
“tions, consequently it must be an invidious
“representation of your subsequent conduct,
“that has drawn upon you this entire repro-
“bation. And possibly were you to write,
“were you to relinquish your pursuit of
“Christina, it may not be too late to recover
“his favour.—I will write to him, if you will
“empower me to *write properly*.”

“I thanked my generous friend, with a due
sense of his regard for my interest; but I was
well convinced such a proceeding would avail
nothing, those who were interested to keep
up the displeasure of my grandfather, would
doubtless give a false colouring to every ar-
gument suggested in my behalf—nor could I
deny

deny the principal charge; for sooner would I resign all hopes of life, as well as fortune, than relinquish the delightful prospect of one day being united to Christina.

"'Tis an unfortunate passion," said De Bude, "and if Murray, knowing the susceptibility of your heart, has designedly drawn you here to rivet the chains which he must know would be fatal to your interest—if he has been capable of betraying your affection for Christina to your friends, and strengthening the hands of your enemies against you—he must be a most base contemptible villain, and from such a one you have every thing to dread."

"I know it well," returned I, "I foresee his malice will do me all possible injury, for a thousand little circumstances that now crowd upon my mind, convince me, that he is actually an implement of my brother's, engaged to lead me into pursuits that might destroy my character, and excesses that should injure my fortune."

"Happily I was enabled to resist the temptations thrown in my way to lure me into
"gambling,

“gambling, drinking, and other low vices;—
“I had no propensities to either, and had a
“monitor within that placed a disgusting por-
“trait before my eyes, that preserved me
“from infection.

“My poor mother! how accurately did
“she judge of my heart—its susceptibility
“was the rock she dreaded, where my peace
“might be wrecked. The traitor, Murray,
“saw the impresson I had received, he en-
“quired into the circumstances of the object,
“and knowing the ridiculous ambition of my
“grandfather, at once beheld the opportunity
“to work my ruin—and has succeeded.—
“What further views he has in his intimacy
“with Madame Blomberg, I know not—he
“has compleated his work with me.”

“You will learn to be an œconomist,” said
De Bude, “with a hundred pounds for your
“support.”—“Happily, my friend,” said I,
“I have nearly *three* hundred. *I have been* an
“œconomist during my residence in London
“and Paris; I had handsome sums allowed
“for my expenditure, which Mr. Belmont
“directed with discretion. Little of my last
“quarter’s

“quarter’s allowance was touched, and fifty
“pounds paid to me lately, with this hun-
“dred, will enable me, I hope, to support the
“dear Christina and myself, until I come of
“age.”

“Then you are resolved to persevere in
“your attachment?”—“Doubtless I am,”
returned I warmly, “if she will share my
“slender portion, I shall think it enough for
“happiness; and should I ever regret what I
“am deprived of, it will be for her sake only,
“that I have not the means to make her
“rich as well as happy.”

“Since such is your determined persever-
“ance,” said De Bude, “I make no scruple
“to tell you that I have conveyed your letter
“to Christina; and if she admits of, and che-
“rishes your passion, after she is informed of
“every circumstance, depend upon my friend-
“ship and assistance to the utmost of my
“power, on one condition,”—“Name it”—
“That you pledge your honour not to irri-
“tate Murray,—that you will not reproach
“or insult him, to draw on you disagreeable
“consequences—leave him to his fate, and
“regard

“regard him as a stranger.”—I complied with the requisition of my friend, and promised to be guided by him.

“When left to reflection, I once more read over the letters before me, and fell into a train of painful ideas. The fortune I had been accustomed to consider as my undoubted inheritance, was now wrested from me by art and duplicity.—Gladly would I have shared it with my brother and sister, and have thought two thirds well disposed of, if it had procured me their affection.

“But to be thus tricked out of it, to have the foibles of an old man made subservient to the most unwarrantable deceit and selfishness; to have my character stigmatized,—to be branded with such odious vices as ingratitude and duplicity—were circumstances too painful to be thought of with patience.

“I had felt the intolerable yoke of obligations continually placed before me, and the ungenerous restrictions laid with a heavy hand to fetter my heart and inclinations; but I was never unmindful of favors, nor forgetful of the respect due to my grandfather and to my

own

own character. The treatment I experienced, I could not think I deserved, and my love for an amiable virtuous young woman was not criminal, tho' in the eyes of prudence it might be termed indiscreet.

“ For her sake only I coveted riches ; and I could not help thinking that as my grandfather had violated *his* promise of making me his *sole heir*, he had no right to be offended if I was content with a *third* part, and the liberty of choosing for myself.

“ This third share would have gratified all my wishes—and I was sorry to find, that on this trial of my indifference for riches, I did not feel quite so abstracted as I had supposed I was to the advantages of fortune.—I wished for *something* more ; and tho' I would not have resigned the hope of obtaining Christina, to have possessed the *whole fortune*, yet I was not insensible to the pleasure of supporting her in a style of respectability, that now I must relinquish every hope of being enabled to do.

“ I passed some very unpleasant hours, Mr. Murray did not return to dinner ; in the evening I went to an engagement with De Bude.

On my return I called for my servant; the master of the hotel came up, and delivering a letter, informed me, Mr. Murray came home soon after I left the house, and the servant, by his order, packed up his trunks, and sent them off by two porters who waited. After which Mr. Murray sent for him, and discharged every shilling that was due up to that day; saying, *he* was going into the country, and had no further connexions with Mr. Dunford, who would henceforth be responsible for his own debts; and as he believed it might not be quite so convenient for the young gentleman to keep a servant, he should rid him of that incumbrance, and take the man with him.

"I hope, Sir," continued the host, who saw the changes in my countenance, "that you will pardon me for repeating his words, and assure yourself, that any services I or my servants have the power to offer you, we shall be proud of your commands."

"With some difficulty I articulated my thanks, and civilly dismissing him, I hastened to throw myself into bed, a prey to the most mortifying reflections.

C H A P.

C H A P. XVII.

" Affliction is the wholesome soil of Virtue ;
Where Patience, Honour, sweet Humanity,
Calm Fortitude take root, and strongly flourish."

" NO refreshing sleep visited my eye-lids that night ; the insolence and indignity offered to me—the ingratitude of my servant, who had attended me for years before I left the house of my grandfather, and who had received numberless favours and kind attentions from me on many occasions, and who could now desert a good master because fortune had forsaken him—was a most insupportable aggravation to my other causes for vexation.

" I did not immediately enter into the politics of Mr. Murray, who, by bribing the man to *his interest*, deprived me of a witness

D 2

who

who could have borne testimony to the regularity of *my* conduct, and the impropriety of his own ; I saw only the ingratitude of the fellow, in leaving me to my fallen fortune, among strangers and in a foreign clime.

“ I got up at an early hour, and wrote a letter to Christina, that should immediately inform her of my ill fortune and the preceding event. I told her that the evils I had mentioned as *possible* to befall me, had already taken place—the loss of my grandfather’s favour and fortune, by the machinations of my enemies—mentioned the small sum in my possession, as all I had any claims to for eighteen months, till I came of age.

“ This very moderate sum I had not the courage to offer her, now I was certain that I could hope for no more ;—in possession of her, I would observe the most rigid œconomy, the strictest self-denial, to procure her such comforts as it would afford ; but I dared not urge her to share my difficulties, since, tho’ she was dearer to me than life or fortune, yet I would suffer any pangs, submit to the bitterest affliction,

affliction, much sooner than involve *her* in regrets for complying with my wishes.

“Possessed of a throne I could enjoy no happiness separated from her; but deprived of affluence, I was ready to suffer alone.—In short, I said all that a fond and full heart could dictate to the object of its adorations.—I had just concluded the letter when De Bude entered the room.

“Have I intruded unseasonably,” said he? I assured him to the contrary, and gave him my letter to peruse. Whilst he was reading it, I chanced to turn my eyes on a chair behind me, and saw the letter delivered to me the preceding evening by the master of the hotel, which in my agitation I had thrown aside and forgotten—it was from Murray.

“He said, “that to spare both me and himself disagreeable altercations, he should withdraw to the country; *it did not suit him* to return to England. If I could make my peace with my grandfather so much the better, I had his good wishes, notwithstanding my insolent treatment of him. For my own sake, he wished me to correct the impetuous pride

and folly which had lost me my best friends, and to husband with care that small sum which possibly might be the last I should receive. To relieve me from the expence of a servant, which I must now learn to do without, he had taken Samuel to *attend on himself*; and had discharged all demands with every tradesman we had dealings with.

“Such were the contents of this leave-taking letter. I had just finished it, and was measuring the room with disordered steps, when three men entered, one of them with a paper in his hand. I saw my friend start when they appeared.—Before I could demand their business, one advanced, and opening the paper, told me, he held an order in his hand for my immediate departure from the city of Lucern.

“I was struck dumb with rage and astonishment. “By whose authority?” demanded De Bude, mildly. “The Chief Magistrate’s,” “Sir,” answered he; “a complaint has been lodged against this Gentleman, by the Ab-bess and Confessor of the Convent St. Theresa, that he has privately visited, and
“fought

“ fought to steal from her duty, a young wo-
 “ man, now in her noviciate, and soon to take
 “ the vows.”

“ For this crime *she* will be punished; and
 “ had not the Gentleman been an Englishman
 “ of rank, he would have been imprisoned,
 “ out of that consideration *his* punishment
 “ is remitted. But he must leave the city
 “ within four hours, and we have orders to
 “ attend and see him with his baggage three
 “ miles off. Should he be seen here again,
 “ neither birth nor power will preserve him
 “ from the resentment of the Church.”

“ During this long harangue, I had thrown
 myself into a chair, my blood on fire at this
 fresh indignity, which without scruple I attri-
 buted to the villain Murray. I was really al-
 most frantic, and choaked with rage that I
 could give no utterance to.

“ De Bude examined the paper, and then
 coming to me, said softly, “ Resistance avails
 “ nothing, the order is peremptory; obey with
 “ a good grace, leave every thing for me to
 “ manage.—I will assist in packing your
 “ trunks, and accompany you.—Say nothing

D 4

“ to

“to the men, they are mere implements of
“power.”

“He turned to them, “Gentlemen, we
“shall begin packing immediately, and not
“keep you long.” They made a civil reply.
I followed my friend to the next room—
“That villain Murray,” said I. “Very pos-
“sibly,” returned he, “and his coadjutor
“Madame Blomberg.—However, don’t tor-
“ment yourself, or give way to passion.—
“You may rest within three miles of the city
“this night, and to-morrow you may depend
“upon seeing me, and if possible your letter
“shall be delivered, and I will know the fate
“of poor Christina.”

“At that name, so dear, my heart swelled
almost to bursting; I wrung his hand, “O,
“De Bude, whatever becomes of me, try,
“exert all your interest to mitigate the suf-
“ferings of that angelic maid; whom my
“mad passion has ruined, both in her peace
“and in her fame.—The unfeeling mother,
“and that arch-fiend have destroyed us
“both.”

“He

“He besought me to be calm, assured me of his unwearied exertions in our behalf, and bid me hope. “Hope!” I cried, “the wretched have no other medicine to cure the mind’s disease, but only hope. — Yet where, from whom, in what quarter of the globe, can I trace hope, or look for comfort!”

“De Bude saw that it was a fruitless attempt to console or sooth me; he therefore obliged me to be active, talked, affected to jest at this arbitrary command, and assured me that my country residence would soon be productive of health and satisfaction. I mentioned my fears lest he should be included in the censure, and experience some disagreeables for his complaisance to me.

“He laughed at my apprehensions, “I am too well known,” said he, “to dread any such consequences as you talk of; neither Madame Blomberg, nor Murray, would wish to irritate me; and depend upon it, the latter has only in view to get rid of a man he has injured, and is therefore ashamed to meet.”

“The business of packing was soon finished, a carriage procured, and we drove thro’ the city, crossed the mountains, and stopped at Stank, a small town situate on the Lake, and about five miles from Lucern.

“Here my conductors left De Bude and myself, returning in the carriage; after first delivering to me the order which forbade my return to the city, or after twenty-four hours, residing nearer than fifty miles from it.

“During this little journey, I was perfectly stupid—my ideas were confused—my head giddy—every object was viewed with a vacant stare that greatly alarmed my friend. When we alighted, and the paper above mentioned was given to me, I seemed to be suddenly roused, like a person from a deep sleep, and reading it burst into a convulsive laugh.

“The generous De Bude obliged me to take a large glass of wine, which recovered me; and after a few sighs that relieved the oppression of my heart, I exclaimed, “So, “I am disgracefully banished, treated ignominiously like a criminal, and deprived of “Christina!—O, my friend, tell me, are your

“ laws

“ laws so unjust that I have not liberty to
“ defend myself? By Heaven I *will* return—
“ I *will* see those arbitrary men who have con-
“ demned me unheard—fool that I am to
“ have passively submitted!”

“ My dear Dunford,” said De Bude, “ be
“ composed, rely on my friendship—submit,
“ for the present with a good grace to an or-
“ der that cannot be resisted. — An offence
“ against the Church, or complaints lodged
“ against you by the Convent, is too powerful
“ to contend with.—But I have friends, my
“ interest shall be exerted to get this order re-
“ versed, yet it cannot be done immediately.”

“ The dear Christina!” cried I, passionately,
“ ah! my friend, save, *save her*, whatever be-
“ comes of me, an unfortunate wretch who
“ has disturbed her repose, and encreased the
“ severity of her fate!”

“ Depend upon me,” answered he, “ in
“ every point, nothing shall be left undone to
“ serve you both. I shall pass this night with
“ you here—to-morrow you must pursue your
“ journey.” “ But where, where can I go,
“ stranger to the country, without introduc-
“ tion,

“tion, where can I seek an asylum?” “That shall be my care,” returned he, “only endeavour to be tranquil, to compose your spirits, and all may be well yet.”

“In short the kind attentions, and sensible remonstrances of this worthy young man, tended greatly to meliorate my sorrows, and restore me to reason.—But I could not sleep—I cast a retrospection on all my conduct for the last twelve months, since I quitted my grandfather—my conscience did not upbraid me.

“The partiality with which we naturally view our own actions, possibly deceived me in some points.—The interdictions of my grandfather, with respect to my mother, were certainly unjust—there, both nature and reason justified me. His commands so arbitrary—his threats so irritating—his very favours rendered oppressive by a continual repetition of my obligations, and the duties they imposed upon me, altogether destroyed the intended effect, and in my own opinion cancelled every favour, and exacted but very little gratitude for

for acts of kindness that were thus made painful to a feeling mind.

“ Exonerated therefore in my own opinion, from the charges that had lost me my grandfather’s affection and fortune, I saw myself in the light of an ill-treated man ; a victim to base duplicity and art on one side, and to the contemptible folly and ambition on the other for having titled relatives, when at his age he could only for a very short space of time expect to enjoy the absurd pride of being connected with dukes and lords.

“ Passing a very restless night, I arose at the dawn of day ; my friend hearing me up soon joined me.—After mutual salutes De Bude said, “ In the canton of Uri, not far from the “ mountains of St. Gothard, there is a small “ village, where an honest peasant and his wife “ reside, in tolerable circumstances.

“ The woman was my nurse, the village and “ its environs once belonged to my mother’s “ family, but have, since her death, passed in “ to other hands.—The peasant and his wife “ owe their small comforts to my mother, and “ have ever been affectionate and grateful.

“ There

“There you shall go, ’tis *within* the limits
“prescribed indeed, but being in a vale, sur-
“rounded by mountains that are barren and
“unfrequented, I am persuaded you will be
“safe; while I pursue such steps as may be
“necessary to observe in the exigency of *your*
“situation, and the comfortless one of poor
“Christina.”

“My heart overflowed with gratitude—I
embraced my worthy friend, and promised to
be guided by his advice. It was proper that
my journey should be taken alone, that I
might not be traced, as I was apparently to
take another direction, towards the canton of
Glarus. De Bude failed not to give me lessons
of moderation and prudence, as well as forti-
tude and patience, and assured me that I
might depend on his friendly exertions. A
long conversation concluded with proper di-
rections for my route, a letter to the peasant,
and a mutual exchange of sincere good wishes.

“We parted, I took the road towards Alt-
dorf.—On my arrival there, which is about
twenty miles from Lucern, I sealed up my
trunks, taking only a cloak bag of linen with
me,

me, and left them in the care of the master of the post-house. I then sent back the carriage, and purchased a horse for the remainder of my journey, which terminated without any accident, the following day ; tho' I was obliged to go some miles round about, and had mountains to cross in a country I was perfectly unacquainted with.

“ I alighted at the very house of the good peasant Fuzeli, and produced my credentials. No sooner were they read, than the man, his wife, a son, and daughter, were all eager to serve me ; and in less than an hour I seemed as much at home as if I had been one of the family.

“ Nothing could exceed the neatness and pleasant situation of this cottage ; like most in Switzerland, it had its bit of ground cultivated, its walls covered with vines, and its clear rivulet of water. This of Fuzeli's had the advantage of standing in a small field, skirted round with trees, and the field serving as pasture for a cow, a few goats, and some fowls, who all fed together like one family, and
heeded

heeded not the approach of any one to disturb them.

“Milk, fruit, and vegetables were the chief support of the family ; they had sometimes eggs for supper, and now and then a fowl ; their kids were sold, with great part of their poultry, to supply other wants. The men laboured in a neighbouring vineyard, and returned at night in health and good humour to enjoy their evening repast together.

“Such, they told me, was their invariable plan of life, which admitted of no change but from illness and bad weather—the first, thank God, seldom afflicted them, for labour and temperance produced health ; and the changes in the weather they were prepared to expect, which gave them an opportunity to attend to their own concerns at home.

“A fowl was dressed for *my* supper, and the good folks seemed to vie with each other in shewing me attentions. I was conducted to a clean bed, in a neat room, where conveniences in nice order, well supplied the place of luxuries and ostentation.

“Whether

“ Whether the air of content that presided in this cottage had its influence on my mind, or that nature was exhausted by fatigue and want of rest, I know not, but the fact was, I fell into a profound repose; and did not awake till the birds chirping at my window, the lowing of the cow, and a general movement in the house convinced me that it was a late hour.

“ The moment I sprang from my bed, painful recollection returned; I felt my own comparative wretchedness most keenly. Content and serenity appeared on every countenance; the business of the day moved on mechanically, without hurry, noise, or anxiety; good humour and cleanliness presided at their homely board, no regrets for the past, or cares for the future disturbed the repose of those children of nature.

“ The mother of Mr. De Bude was your friend,” said I.—“ O yes,” cried the good woman, “ she was an angel;—a friend to all that were in want or necessity.—She gave us this little cottage and field, with twenty crowns a year for our joint lives; to her
“ we

“ we owe all our comforts. Thank God, my
 “ husband is yet able to labour, therefore we
 “ lay up our little income every year;—not a
 “ penny is touched, ’tis a reserve against old
 “ age and sickness, and will preserve us from
 “ want.”

“ That is a very comfortable reflection,”
 said I.—“ So it is, Sir; some of our neighbours
 “ call us stingy, because with these twenty
 “ crowns a year we might live better, and not
 “ work so much.—But we were born to work,
 “ it would be a shame to be idle, and waste
 “ our dear lady’s bounty, which was given
 “ for a good purpose, to serve us in sickness,
 “ and carry us decently to the grave; and
 “ whilst God blesses us with health, not a
 “ penny shall be spent, in what we can do
 “ without.”

“ The poet says,—

“ Reason’s whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,

“ Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.”

“ No situation could more strongly exemplify
 the truth of these lines, than the happiness
 that appeared spontaneously to be the inmate
 of every bosom in this little cottage.

“]

"I asked if I had not broken in upon their family convenience?—If I had not displaced some person from their usual bed room?—

"No, Sir," answered the good woman, "that room was furnished by our benefactress, plain as you see, indeed very little better than our own; for the good lady said, when she came here, 'twas to add to our comforts, and to be one of us,—she minded not finery, nor would she put us out of our way.—She said too, that she put furniture proper for *us*, in case of sickness or accidents that we should want a spare bed, for if she made it grand we should be afraid to use it; and if a traveller or stranger came, it was neat and wholesome, and that was all any one had a right to expect. Ah! Sir, she was a blessed lady, not a word of her's but I shall remember to my dying day."

"I was quite charmed with this simple recital of true beneficence, so free from ostentation; so correspondent to the situation of the persons obliged.—How few are there, that in conferring favours, attend to those minute circumstances that stamp the benefits on a grateful

grateful mind, by gratifying its wishes without giving it pain.

“ I rambled into the field, ascended the mountain—my eyes and wishes were directed towards the point where Lucern lay. The disappointments and mortifications I had suffered from my family, all faded away to nothing in comparison with this last stroke, of being disgracefully expelled from the town, and the cause of additional sorrow to Christina.

“ A thousand painful ideas crowded upon my mind, the most terrible was, that in all probability, the object I adored would be lost to me for ever; that my enemies would pursue such steps, as might effectually baffle all our schemes to release her, and preclude every possibility of an attempt to see or hear from her.

“ I will not dwell on the tormenting reflections, or the miserable hours I endured for five days, for so long it was before I heard from my friend. At length a letter came; the contents verified my fears, as well as conveyed intelligence that I did not expect. De Bude had been at the Convent, but could not obtain

obtain the sight of poor Christina, who was not permitted to associate with her friend, his relation. Some very heavy penance had been inflicted on her, at the request of her mother, but of what nature the young lady did not know; nor had she seen her since the day on which I had visited at the Convent.

“The young lady added, “That she had made several fruitless applications to the Nuns, sisters to Christina, to give her some information relative to the poor victim, but they only shrugged their shoulders, shook their heads with an air of sorrow, and bade her ask no questions.”

“De Bude said, it was painful for him to be under the necessity of repeating intelligence so unpleasant; but that patience was my only remedy, and a reliance upon his exertions, as in no shape would he relax from his endeavours to serve me.—“Premising this,” said he, “you must hear with moderation, a circumstance that may encrease your difficulties, tho’ by no means annihilate *hope*—“Murray was yesterday married to Madame Blomberg!”

“De

“ De Pretzler, who had some suspicion of
“ the pending negociation between them, a
“ few days since asked her, if it was possible
“ that she gave countenance to the addresses
“ of Murray, a man of such forbidding aspect?
“ Her reply was, “ No one had a right
“ to question her; and that it was manners,
“ good sense, and a knowledge of the world,
“ that was the strongest recommendation to
“ her. But indeed, *she* saw nothing so mighty
“ unpleasant in Mr. Murray’s countenance,
“ he had an air of dignity and a manly appearance;
“ and had been introduced to her
“ notice by letters from her late uncle, and
“ others of equal respectability.”

“ Mr. De Pretzler made no reply, for said
“ he to me, “ If a woman is determined upon
“ playing the fool at her time of life, she is as
“ obstinate as the devil—advice would be
“ deemed as impertinent as, I am sure, it
“ would be fruitless.—She must smart for her
“ folly to be convinced of her error.”

“ De Bude concluded with assuring me
of his indefatigable endeavours to serve me,
and to obtain intelligence of Christina—re-
quested

quested me to remain with the good Fufelis—to amuse my mind by walking and riding—and depend upon seeing him very soon.

“’Tis unnecessary to delineate my feelings, those who have loved, can easily conceive them; the cold stoical heart would read them with contempt. The following day, my kind friend sent me a large trunk of books, a flute, and some music.—Such proofs of uncommon attention were very flattering, and impressed me with the liveliest sensations of gratitude.

“Mean time after some deliberation, I resolved to write to my grandfather; not to supplicate his favour, or any part of his fortune, but simply to give him a faithful account of my own conduct and Mr. Murray’s, without concealing the smallest circumstance relative to either—to openly avow my passion for Christina, which I must persevere in, whatever was the consequence.

“I expressed a grateful sense of every act of kindness he had shewn me, and assured him, that as it was his pleasure I should live upon my own paternal fortune, I was perfectly satisfied with the mediocrity of my circumstances.

Had

Had he thought me worthy of sharing any part of *his* property, it should not have been disgracefully squandered, nor ungratefully received ; but as he had otherwise disposed of it, I hoped to prove, that riches did not always make men respectable.—And that a noble mind, incapable of disgraceful pursuits, superior to artifice and duplicity, and determined to persevere in the paths of honour—tho' placed in the humble walk of life, could look down with scorn on titles and riches, which if placed in unworthy hands, only made the possessor of them the more despicable.

“ I concluded with wishes for his health and happiness, as it was the last time I should presume to approach him under the interdictions I had received.

“ This letter, which De Bude had advised me to write, but which I had declined doing in the warmth of my resentment, I now considered as a justice due to myself, from a certainty that representations must have been made to my disadvantage by Murray ; and whether my assertions were credited or not, it became my character not to sit down under

fuch

such base imputations as were laid to my charge, without an attempt to explain such parts of my conduct, as with an unprejudiced mind might exonerate me from the heavy crimes of duplicity and ingratitude.

“ Having thus fulfilled a duty to myself, I was again thrown back into a contemplation of my painful situation, and the more deplorable state of the lovely Christina; who, but for my unlucky passion, might have been at least a resigned, tho’ not a willing victim to the avarice of her mother. Now I had murdered her peace, brought upon her reproaches and indignities, and thrown her into the power of a man, who, from enmity to me, and advantage to himself, would effectually coincide with her mother, to seclude her from the world.

“ Despair and madness fired my brain; I flew out of the house and up the mountain in a state bordering on insanity.—I got to the edge of a winding precipice, and viewing the gulph below, my head grew giddy, I staggered a few paces, and luckily fell on one side, but so near the edge, that in all probability I should

have rolled over, but that I felt myself pulled back, with a feeble exclamation at the same time, "Ah! Sir, for God's sake take care, and consider that your life is not your own."

"My reason seemed to return,—I looked round at my dangerous situation and shuddered,—then on my preserver, an old emaciated figure, half naked, with a long white beard, and a countenance where age, care, and sorrow had taken up its abode, for I never beheld a face so affecting in my whole life.

"He spake a few words whilst I gazed on him, and tried to assist me, but I recovered enough to raise myself; and pressing his offered hand, "I thank you, good father," said I, "without any deliberate design to destroy myself, rashness and despair threw me into imminent danger, from which you have delivered me."

"I am rejoiced to hear," answered he, "that you had no fixed inclination of throwing away your life; for such an act is impious in the extreme, and unjustifiable in the sight of God or man."

“ I had by this time recollected the nature of those feelings that had impelled me to tempt the danger I was rescued from. I blushed before the venerable figure, who appeared sinking under age and wretchedness, hunger and nakedness, yet was submissive to the will of the Almighty, and content to endure a *life*, that must long since have been a burthen to him.

“ He seemed conscious that I eyed him with surprize, and going back a few steps he said, “ can I be of any farther service to you, “ Sir,—do you reside in this neighbourhood?” “ In the vale below,” answered I.—“ For some “ days past I have been an inmate with the “ good Fuzeli’s family.”—“ Indeed,” returned he, “ then you know a truly worthy man.”

“ *You* also know him then? “ Yes, I have “ been acquainted with him, but I am now “ too feeble to go up and down the mountain, “ and his necessary occupations very properly “ engaging his time, I see *him* but seldom,— “ his good wife visits me once a month.”

“ Will you allow *me* to visit you also?” “ Undoubtedly, whenever you please; I do

“ not court society, nor do I shun it when it
“ comes to me.—Persons like you are rarely to
“ be seen ; but if you can deign to enter the
“ cot of poverty, yonder, behind that tuft of
“ trees, is my dwelling.

“ Twice a day, if the weather permits, I
“ walk to the summit of this mountain, sur-
“ vey those distant countries within my view,
“ recal past scenes of tumultuous pleasures,
“ quickly followed by satiety and disgust, learn
“ to estimate the enjoyments of life, not by
“ the vices and follies that attract unwary
“ youth, under the fallacious name of fashion-
“ able pleasures, but by the hours passed in
“ studying the great volume of nature, the
“ stupendous works of the Almighty, and in
“ preparation for that hour which rapidly ad-
“ vances to call us hence ;—where we shall no
“ more be seen, and little more be missed, than
“ a grain of sand blown from the shore into
“ the sea.”

“ That you, my good father, have chosen
“ the better part by retirement and study, I
“ am free to allow ; but were mankind in ge-
neral

“ neral to turn philosophers, we should undoubtedly defeat the end of our creation.

“ That man is born for active services, to assist his fellow creatures, to enjoy the blessings of life and the amusements of the world with moderation, is, I have been taught to believe, the most acceptable services in the sight of Heaven; who has given us the good things of this life to sweeten the many unpalatable draughts we are obliged to swallow in our commerce with mankind.”

“ Well,” said he, with a sigh, “ I do not wish to check the lively hopes of youth, with the jaundiced eye of suspicion. You have been taught, you say, in truth you look very young,—but from my observations I should conclude, some bitters have already been dashed into your cup of sweets; and that the spirit of moderation has been sometime superseded by impatience and tumultuous ideas.”

“ Most true,” I replied,—“ Father, I stand corrected;—my passions outstep the bounds of reason, and want a guide.”—“ No more,” my son,” said he, interrupting me, “ con-

“scious of your errors, you are half-way to-
“wards amendment ; your reason will be ma-
“tured as your age advances, and the govern-
“ing of your passions is the first step towards
“gaining wisdom, and acquiring that internal
“peace from which alone can be derived the
“real pleasures of life.”

“As he seemed bent by age, and leaned
on a staff, I offered him my arm, to assist him
to his dwelling.—“I see,” said he, “that what-
“ever are your faults, pride and inhumanity
“are not among the number, and therefore I
“accept your offer. A young man of your
“appearance but ill affords with such an object
“as I am ; and you will hardly credit that
“my poor hovel should be an object for de-
“predation—yet so it has been.

“Two weeks ago, three men, *wretched ones*
“*they must be*, entered my little cot, and car-
“ried away all the decent clothes I had,
“throwing these rags on my bed ; and adding
“insult to injustice, told me, such were most
“proper for an old decrepid beggar, and would
“extort charity sooner than a whole suit.

“God

"God forgive them," continued he, "I do sincerely, since great must be their wants to plunder a poor creature like me. When the good woman your hostess calls, I shall procure a better garment, I care not how coarse, whole and clean is sufficient for me."

"These last words brought us to the entrance of his dwelling, which was low, consisting of only two rooms; but it had a pretty little garden with herbs and flowers in front, and was almost surrounded by a thick underwood, he had raised to shelter it from the piercing winds that blew round the mountains.

"Both rooms were furnished in the plainest style; nothing but absolute necessities, and of the commonest sort, such as could be no temptation to steal, being for the most part not portable.

"You see I have no luxuries," said he, "my wants are very few—the vegetables in my garden, and the milk of a goat who regularly comes at my call to be freed from its load, as it feeds round my cottage, supply me with all that is necessary to support nature."

“Have you then no bread, nor animal food?” “Once a month,” replied he, “the good woman Fufeli brings me a small piece of bacon that lasts me four Sundays, the only day on which I indulge in feasting.—I have also from her a few cakes, that serve three or four days; and these luxuries, for in truth they are such, I accept, to gratify the friendly peasant more than myself.”

“But my good Father you are old, illness may come upon you suddenly, and you may perish with hunger, unable to procure your own sustenance.”

“Against that too I am provided,” said he, “a boy who has the care of the goats on these mountains, every day calls on me; I have taught the little fellow to read and write, and it has been a source of great amusement to me.—He is a very docile good boy, and whenever I die, he shall have cause to remember Father Peter, for that is the name I am known by, with pleasure.”

“A pretty long bench was fixed against the wall in the form of a box turned on its side—“Here,” said he, “are my treasures.”

By

By touching a little spring at each end of the bench that had a small projection, the top came off, tho' apparently fastened to the wall, it was then really a box, in which I saw a tolerable collection of books, a writing box and implements, and a small leather trunk.

"I am glad you have such resources as these; but the contents of this box encreases my surprise, that a mind capable of enjoying them, should detach itself from society, and live so like a misanthrope."

"Your wonder, tho' natural, will cease, when I tell you that 'tis a penance voluntarily imposed as an expiation for crimes that I was guilty of when a member of society."

"Neither my name nor the particulars of my story are of consequence to relate—I will briefly tell you, that I married in early life the woman I loved—I was gay, dissipated, and thoughtless, but I doated on my wife. We had no children—she was greatly admired, and like myself fond of pleasure."

"Prudence was not a consideration with either—we both grew fond of play—there

“ were persons, false friends, interested to
“ work our ruin. Heedless of the snares laid
“ for us, we plunged into them, and ’till we
“ had no more to sell, nor supplies to gratify
“ our propensities, were not sensible of our
“ unpardonable follies.

“ The day on which our last acres were to
“ fall into the hands of a pretended friend
“ and too successful gambler, my poor un-
“ happy wife declared to me her suspicions,
“ that after six years marriage, she was for the
“ first time in the way of becoming a mother.

“ This intelligence was like a stroke of
“ lightning, it annihilated my senses for some
“ minutes; when they returned I became, too
“ late, conscious of our extreme ill-conduct.

“ I left my weeping wife and flew to my
“ friend—I painted my distress without re-
“ serve or exaggeration—he heard me with an
“ air of compassion as I thought, but it was
“ a corrected joy at the success of his schemes.

“ In short the villain presumed to make a
“ proposal that threw me into madness; he of-
“ fered to relinquish *half* the property he had
“ won, on condition that he might *share* the
“ affections

“affections of my wife, whom he had long
“loved, and could not bear to see deprived
“of affluence and happiness.

“I know not what answer I returned, but
“I instantly drew my sword, and compelled
“him by a blow to do the same—we fought
“desperately, and in the same moment that
“my sword pierced his heart, his weapon was
“sheathed in my body.—He died on the
“spot—I lost my senses—and by the officious
“kindness of some persons called in, was car-
“ried home, and into the presence of my
“wife. She immediately fell into fits, which
“caused a miscarriage, and her life was in
“imminent danger.

“When my wounds were probed and dress-
“ed, the surgeon pronounced them not mor-
“tal, unless from the effects of a fever, as no
“vital parts were injured.

“A servant of the wretched man who had
“lost his life, had overheard our whole con-
“versation, for alarmed at my agitations when
“I entered the house, he had planted himself
“so as to hear what passed.—He voluntarily
“made

“ made the deposition, and I was exonerated
“ from the charge of murder.

“ The danger of my dear wife retarded my
“ recovery; nor could I still the monitor
“ within, that upbraided me with my unpar-
“ donable errors, which had eventually em-
“ brued my hands in the blood of a man
“ unfit to die, and had caused the premature
“ death of a little innocent, designed by
“ Heaven perhaps for happiness, and a bleff-
“ ing to me.

“ Not to dwell on this horrid period of my
“ life—sorrow and remorse preyed on the
“ minds of us both—we were at length per-
“ mitted to have an interview—never shall I
“ forget that hour.

“ The dear unhappy woman confessed that
“ the villain had long insulted her by his ad-
“ dresses, but confiding in her own sense of
“ honour, flattered by his assiduities, gratified
“ by the pleasures he procured for her, and
“ also afraid of the consequences of commu-
“ nicating his villainy to me, she had been
“ silent on the subject, and permitted the
“ delusion I entertained of his friendship to
“ lead

“lead me on to ruin, a period to which he
“no doubt looked forward for the completion
“of his wicked designs.

“She said, she considered herself as the
“cause of all the misery and guilt that had
“overwhelmed me, and had therefore in the
“hour of danger solemnly vowed, that if
“Heaven spared her life, that life should be
“dedicated to his service in a Convent, as an
“expiation for her sins.

“When she told me of this vow, I was at
“first shocked, and much grieved, but a little
“reflection enabled me not only to applaud
“her resolution, but inspired me with a desire
“to follow her example. She recovered, and
“with my permission was received into a Con-
“vent as a perpetual boarder.

“I sold every thing we had remaining,
“which was more than I hoped for; as the
“writings had not been signed that was to
“convey my last stake to the base man who
“won it, and therefore the judges who pro-
“nounced my pardon, decreed my property
“to remain with me.

“I

“ I paid into the Convent the sum requisite
“ for my wife’s support, leaving also a surplus
“ in good hands for her use on any emergency;
“ the remainder I retained for myself. I took
“ a last and solemn leave of her, and went
“ into retirement, where I could frequently
“ hear from her, tho’ I made no attempt to
“ see her.

“ She lived only four years and a half after
“ seclusion from the world; she edified every
“ one by her piety, and died with resignation
“ and hope of a blessed eternity.”

“ Having lost the only tie that kept me
“ in that neighbourhood, I quitted a situ-
“ ation I had not liked, and resolved to go
“ where I was perfectly unknown. Provi-
“ dence directed my steps to the neighbouring
“ village, and to appear poor, distressed, and
“ a stranger, were sufficient recommendations
“ to the hospitable cottage of Fuzeli.

“ This little dwelling was soon erected, for
“ the moment I saw the spot round it, I chose
“ it for my abode.—Here I have lived above
“ twenty years.

“ On

“ On the tenth year of my residence I
“ caught the rheumatism, which greatly dis-
“ abled me in my limbs, and settled in one
“ of my hips so as to make me feeble, and
“ stoop when I walk. That complaint is the
“ only one that has troubled me, and with
“ my beard, which I have suffered to grow,
“ to protect me from robbers, gives me an
“ *appearance* of age and debility,—for tho’ I
“ am feeble, I am not fifty years of age.

“ Here, detached from the world, I have
“ studied nature and nature’s God ; I have
“ deeply repented of my crimes, and wait with
“ resignation, equally free from impatience and
“ dread, the final hour of dissolution, to re-
“ unite me to my now angel wife.

“ This day will henceforth be a jubilee to
“ me, for I have saved you from imminent
“ danger; and I trust from my story you will ad-
“ duce such lessons against the vices of youth,
“ the indulgence of the passions, and that im-
“ patient spirit which blindly runs into error,
“ that warned by my example, you will fly
“ from the seductions of play, as the source of
“ every vice and misery ;—and learn to support
“ the

“ the evils you endure from the wickedness of
“ others, or the consequence of your own er-
“ rors—with fortitude and due submission to
“ the will of your Creator.

“ Above all, let me recommend caution in
“ the choice of your associates. Society has
“ many seductive charms ; beware of the asp-
“ that lies concealed under the flowers of
“ pleasure, to sting you to death.

“ I fear youth and inexperience have already
“ misled you ; yet if you have no crimes to lie
“ heavy on your bosom, you are wrong to ve-
“ getate here, unless a philosophic sedentary
“ turn has drawn you to these mountains—
“ But from your own expressions that does not
“ seem to be the sole cause, and tho’ your
“ words and attitudes gave suspicion of grief
“ and despair, yet it does not appear that you
“ abjure society.—What then has occasioned
“ your residence at the cottage ?”

“ Without any hesitation I freely committed
myself to Father Peter, and repeated my whole
story ; tho’ not quite so circumstantial as I have
retraced it here.

“ He

“ He heard me with great attention,—said he, “ ’tis now time that you should return to “ the cottage ; the good people will be uneasy “ at your absence, and I have no food to offer. “ Tell them you have met with me, and if you “ like the walk, I shall be glad to see you again “ any day.—I am pleased with their discretion “ in not naming me to you ;—indeed I had “ no cause to doubt their observance of a promise, yet that does not lessen their merit in “ strictly abiding by it.”

“ Remember me to them with affection— “ they have excellent hearts tho’ in a rough “ case.—How often does a glittering casket “ enclose the heart of a villain !—Adieu, do “ not again be impatient ; you must expect “ the evils of life, and to bear them unrepining, is the mark of a strong mind, and blunts “ the arrows of adversity of half their power “ to wound.”

CHAP.

C H A P. XIX.

" It is better to bear the ills we have,

" Than fly to those we know not of."

" **I** Parted with Father Peter, and slowly descended the mountain, my thoughts confused and occupied by various reflections. I revered the good man's resolution and piety, but I could not think the troubles he had detailed, were of sufficient magnitude to justify a separation between him and his wife, and drive them from society.

" That gamblers were incapable of feeling friendship I readily believed ; and that an indulged propensity to cards and dice, would lead by degrees to ruin, and a *too late* repentance, seemed a thing of course to be expected. My residence in Paris had also informed me, that it was not an uncommon circumstance

circumstance for the husband to be made the vehicle of his wife's dishonour, by pretended friends.

“Tho’ neither a proficient in gallantry, nor an adept in fashionable manners, I had been led into some scenes of dissipation that had given me a cursory view of the more detestable vices which were the bane of society, and destroyed the happiness of domestic circles.

“I allowed that Father Peter had just cause for resentment, and a *right* (I *then* thought so) to draw his sword against the villain who had wronged him.—But I saw not a single circumstance that should occasion him any regret; much less to part with a wife he adored, whose conduct had not been more reprehensible than his own, and with whom he might have found comfort under every affliction,—without too severely judging their follies, as the cause of the misfortunes that followed.

“I beheld them as more weak than criminal, and considered their subsequent conduct as a pusillanimous desertion from the duties they owed to each other and to society:—Both were young, and might have fought by
active

active exertions, to atone for their former imprudence, and retrieve that fortune and reputation so wantonly squandered.

“ In short, the more I reflected on Father Peter’s defection from the world, the less I was inclined to esteem him ; and tho’ I revered his piety now, I could not admire his motives for seeking solitude at his time of life, and leaving the woman he loved to pine in a cloyster ; when her vows of piety might have been more acceptable to the Deity, as an example of regularity to the world.

“ From this conclusion I naturally reverted to my own misfortunes, which appeared to be a thousand times more severe than Father Peter’s ; because I was a victim to the art and perfidy of persons I had never offended, and suffered under disappointments I had in no shape deserved.—*My* sorrow and despair, the impatience of *my* feelings, were then perfectly natural and excusable.

“ Such is the common partiality of mankind towards the motives of their own conduct ; and so little capable are we of appreciating justly our own actions and sentiments

or judging impartially on the events that happen to others !

“ On my arrival at the cottage, the good people welcomed me with expressions of joy that sparkled from their eyes. Fufeli was on the point of leaving his family to seek me, under an apprehension that some accident must have prevented my return.

“ I accounted to them without reserve for my unusual absence ; they were delighted that I had seen the good Hermit of the Mountain and were enthusiastic in their praises—his charity, piety, and benevolence, were themes they dwelt on with rapture.—They confessed they had wished for such an accidental meeting, but dared not to give me any intimation of his residence, because he chose to be unknown to all but the poor and distressed.

“ He certainly has riches,” said the peasant, because he has given me money several times, to distribute to the widow and fatherless, to the sick and the aged ; but under strict orders never to name their benefactor.”

“ When I told them of his appearance, and the loss of his clothes, the good woman earnestly

earnestly wished for morning, that she might attend and supply him with necessaries.

“The account they gave me of his benevolence, his patient endurance of the inclemencies of the weather, and his resignation to solitude and the simplest food, gave me a higher opinion of him than I had been inclined to indulge; and I was free to confess, that if his weakness and indolence were productive of so much benefit to the distressed, the injury done to society by his secession from it, was scarcely to be regretted,

“My rest as usual was broken and disturbed by many strange fantastic visions—I arose in the morning, unrefreshed, and with a great dejection of spirits. The good woman of the house urged me to visit Father Peter—with great alacrity *she* was hastening to him with every article she thought he could want. I declined going to the mountain, and retired to a moss-covered seat in their garden to read and ruminate.

“I had passed more than three hours with a book in my hand, turning over the pages without knowing the subject they contained,

a thousand different ideas floating in my brain that distracted my attention, and made me too restless to be amused.

"The sound of quick footsteps rustling thro' the shrubs made me lift my head, and my name pronounced aloud occasioned me to rush from my seat, and in the same moment I was embraced by my valued friend De Bude. "Ah!" cried I, returning his friendly embrace, "this is indeed an unexpected pleasure, you never could arrive more opportunely." without speaking, he took my arm, and reconducted me to the seat I had quitted.

"This silence alarmed me, my eyes sought in his an explanation, their expression shocked me. — "Speak," I exclaimed, trembling, tell me, what means this silence, these looks so foreboding of evil? Is she dead, has my Christina fallen a sacrifice to her inhuman mother? O, keep me not in this horrible suspense!"

"My dear friend," answered De Bude, mournfully, "do not anticipate misery, Christina is in all probability living, tho' possibly

“possibly dead to you.” “What cried I, furiously, “has she taken the veil? has her detestable mother compleated her tyranny? “My God! and shall I suffer her, that angel of goodness, shall she be a victim to the infernal arts of two base wretches.—Never, never! I will—”

“Hear me,” said De Bude, “violence can avail nothing.—Most reluctantly I came the bearer of painful intelligence, but I hoped friendship would soften the blow, and that when I profess myself dedicated to your service, you would calmly listen to the information that cannot be concealed; and rather extend your views to counteract the malice of your enemies, than exhaust yourself by fruitless exclamations, and lose that firmness which alone can enable you to triumph over the misfortunes that wound your peace.” “Well,” said I, sighing, “I will endeavour to be patient, pray proceed.” “I will not, if I can help it, give you any interruption.”

“Know then,” continued he, “that alarmed by the intelligence I received from

“my

“ my cousin, of the strange confinement, and
“ the secrecy observed respecting the situation
“ of the lovely unfortunate Christina, I in-
“ cautiously repeated my visits too often, and
“ drew on poor Madelena a strict prohibition
“ of seeing me; in consequence of which I
“ found myself proscribed by the community,
“ and the Porterefs deaf to all my entreaties.

“ I then had recourse to a friend who had
“ two sisters in the Convent, and thro’ that
“ channel obtained the information that
“ brought me here.

“ In short, that worst of all possible wo-
“ men, assisted by the most malignant and
“ profligate of mankind, Murray, whom, for
“ a punishment for her sins I hope, she has so
“ lately married — these wretches, it seems,
“ some time ago applied for a dispensation of
“ the time usually allowed as probationary for
“ taking the veil, and had obtained it; in con-
“ sequence of which the lovely victim was
“ put into close confinement, and saw only
“ her Confessor.

“ What arguments, or what severities were
“ used, Heaven only knows, but they were
VOL. II. F productive

“productive of the desired effect; the unhappy persecuted girl was compelled to accede to their wishes, and consented to take the veil. Three days since she was privately conveyed to another Convent to make her vows, That the public ceremony at Lucern, might not be interrupted by the mad exploits of a profligate and desperate young Englishman.” Such were the reasons given by the Abbess to the Community, to account for a step so unusual; and no doubt she had a good fee for her acquiescence with their cunning and diabolical plan.”

“De Bude stopt, he saw the agitations of my mind, and the silence I struggled to preserve had produced a kind of convulsion that shook my whole frame—alarmed at my situation, he ran to a small brook of water, and bringing some in his hat, threw it in my face and upon my hands.

“Support yourself, my dear friend,” said he, “do not give way to womanish weakness—fortitude and exertion will be necessary to overcome your present misfortunes. We

“must

“ must, if possible, deliver the persecuted
“ victim from forced vows—in the hour of
“ danger I will not forsake you, nor will I rest
“ ’till I discover her abode.”

“ This promise, which from the knowledge
I had of his integrity, I well knew how to
appreciate, had its due effect. My bursting
heart found relief in expressing the sense I
had of his disinterested friendship; and when
the surcharge which had nearly suffocated me
had vent in words, my soul caught the en-
thusiasm of his, and I exclaimed—

“ Yes, the dear, much injured, Christina
“ *shall* be found—I dedicate my life to her,
“ no dangers, no difficulties, shall impede me
“ from pursuing her steps, and delivering her
“ from their infernal persecutions!”

“ He permitted me to rave for some time,
till the violence of my emotions subsided of
themselves into a calm sorrow. He then pro-
ceeded to say, “ That by the most minute
and vigilant enquiry, he had learnt, a close car-
riage, in which were two women veiled, and a
priest, had passed thro’ Altdorf, but he could
trace them no farther. They had doubtless

crossed the mountains in a roundabout direction to avoid the post towns, but he had not the least doubt of their chusing some Convent round the neighbouring mountains, as the most likely to be unknown.

“In this conviction,” continued he, “I hastened to you, that at the same moment I announced the cruel fate of Christina, and the irreparable injury meditated against your peace, I might convey to you some ray of hope that the lovely victim may not be many leagues distance from you.”

“Alas!” cried I, passionately, “before her residence can be discovered, every hope may be annihilated, she may be professed, and my happiness lost for ever!” “I have already told you,” said he, “that I am a decided enemy to compulsory vows—where the heart rejects them, they cannot be sanctioned by any outward forms of religion.—And where a parent can forget the duties of her sacred character, and from base selfish motives, lacerate every tender feeling of the soul—torture the heart of an amiable child, and force her into a living
“grave,

“grave, neither religion nor morality forbid
“an interference to rescue the hapless victim
“that cannot be acceptable to the Deity un-
“der such circumstances.”

“What then!” I exclaimed, with an emo-
tion of surprise and joy, “should the dear
“Christina *have taken the veil*, will you even
“then assist me to seek for and deliver her?”
“You may rely upon my honour,” “re-
turned he, “I will not shrink from any dif-
“ficulties that tend to release her from her
“cruel persecutors.”

“I esteem you, I see an unadulterated heart,
“an open generous disposition sacrificed to
“the machinations of base and treacherous
“calumniators.—Unhackneyed in the arts of
“mankind, you have been thrown into the
“power of a specious deceptive man, who
“failing in his views to contaminate your
“mind, turns your very virtues against you,
“and has completed, as far as his power ex-
“tends, your utter ruin.”

“Yes,” said I, sighing, “him and his em-
“ployers have irreparably injured my fortune,
“and possibly I have in a great measure de-

"served it.—A proud romantic spirit, that
 "soared above the consideration of riches,
 "made me but too inattentive to my interest,
 "and less indulgent to the foibles of my
 "grandfather, than he had a right to expect.
 "My mind revolted against commands I consid-
 "ered as mean and arbitrary, nor could I bring
 "myself to temporize, or humour his caprices
 "—he has found others less fastidious—but
 "tho' for the sake of Christina I lament the
 "forfeiture of his favour, I do not regret such
 "parts of my conduct as resulted from prin-
 "ciple and integrity.

"I may have been unwise and unbending,
 "but I have not been base; nor for a single
 "moment ever wished to profit by his former
 "fondness, to the exclusion of others equally
 "entitled to it."

"I believe you" said De Bude, "and 'tis
 "from that confidence in your honour that
 "I offer you every assistance in my power.
 "The esteem, the more than esteem, (for I
 "could have fondly loved Christina had not
 "her heart been shut against me,) the regard
 "and interest I feel for her happiness, assures

"me

"me

“me that every step I take to liberate her
 “and make her your’s, must promote your
 “mutual felicity.—Small as your fortune is,
 “œconomy and friendship will ensure to you
 “the comforts of life, and I pledge myself
 “to have but one interest in common with
 “your’s.”

“I was struck dumb by the energy of this
 most generous of men—I embraced him in
 emphatic silence, more touching than the
 warmest acknowledgments, and as such he
 appreciated the feelings of my soul that darted
 thro’ my eyes.

“My dear friend,” resumed he, “words
 “are not necessary between hearts in unison;
 “we are now called upon for action.—This
 “day I will rest here, and we will enter upon
 “a regular plan of proceeding. Well ac-
 “quainted with the country, and measures
 “proper to be observed, you will permit me
 “to guide—the scheme we have to execute
 “is perilous, and success doubtful, but not
 “impossible to minds active and resolved.—
 “Patience and perseverance must mark our
 “endeavours; the impetuosity of a lover
 F 4 “might

“ might ruin all, therefore let me lead, and
“ engage you to follow my directions in every
“ point.”

“ With an energy that too plainly indicated the warmth of my temper, I swore to obey his commands, and be subservient to his advice. I saw him smile at my eagerness, and immediately he desired a truce to our present subject, and enquired about the good cottagers.

“ This led to an account of Father Peter. “ Ah !” cried he, “ since he has resided in this neighbourhood so long, doubtless he is acquainted with the situation of the different Convents in the environs of these mountains. “ We will visit him after dinner.”—Without reflecting whether the Hermit might approve of the intrusion, I readily caught his idea, and promised to introduce him.

“ We were shortly after interrupted by the grateful Fuzeli and his wife ; they came to express their joy that they were once more blest by seeing the son of their heavenly benefactress. The ebullitions of their worthy hearts drew sympathetic tears from De Bude and myself ; nor did we blush at the involuntary suffusion,
for

for tenderness and feeling is not incompatible with the manly character, but rather exalt it.

“ I will not however dwell on their joy, nor on the several consultations that passed between De Bude and myself previous to our visit to Father Peter. We found him decently clothed, he looked more surprised than angry when I introduced my friend, and in a few moments seemed easy and communicative.

“ He not only knew all the neighbouring Convents, but several of the confessors, and readily gave us every information we wished for. We took care however not to drop a word of our design to liberate Christina, neither did he know she was already perhaps, a nun. We left him at liberty to believe she was as yet mistress of her own fate; and he was liberal enough to avow, that he thought *she* ought to decide for herself.

“ The following day was fixed on to begin our search, and animated by the generous kindness of De Bude, I grew sanguine in my hopes of success; despised every past misfortune or threatening danger, and with the thoughtless ardor of youth, pursued the phan-

tom of flattering delusion, and indulged in the delightful chimera of future bliss.

“Such is the presumption of unwary youth, who, launched into the world, without guides or experience, see only the calm harbour of peace and joy; nor fear the gathering clouds portentous of a storm that may overwhelm and engulph their bright expectations for ever.

CHAP.

“The following day was fixed on to begin our search, and animated by the generous kindness of De Bude, I grew sanguine in my hopes of success; despised every past misfortune or threatening danger, and with the thoughtless ardor of youth, pursued the phan-

C H A P. XX.

“ A marriage contracted from what is called Love alone, without Prudence having its due weight in the balance against the fervor of Passion, has small chance of Happiness.—Such Pictures of Bliss as are drawn from Romances, rarely exist in common life.”

“ **A**T the early dawn of day I awakend De Bude, eager to begin our researches round the mountains. The sun broke forth over the hills with uncommon splendour, the birds carolled with unusual sweetness; all nature smiled, and “ my bosom’s lord sat lightly on his throne.”—Such were my ideas, and I hailed those favorable omens as prognostic of success.

“ We were soon equipped, as we intended to make the cottage our general rendezvous. The good people saw us depart with reluctance, but cheered by the hope of our speedy return

return, they sent forth a thousand blessings for our safety, and the success of our journey, tho' ignorant of its destination.

"And here," continued the narrator, Mr. Hervey, (or rather the Honorable Mr. Dunford,) "*here* I must pause, and make a long chasm in my story; reasons equally important and unanswerable, oblige me to curtail this relation, and pass over the many events that preceded the liberation of Christina.

"Let me then briefly say, that by various deceptions and artifices, we discovered her retreat; and learnt that the much injured girl had been compelled to take the vows eight days previous to our arrival on the spot where she was immured.

"My friend's zeal and my exertions were indefatigable. After numberless disappointments, many hair-breadth escapes, and, to any but minds resolved like our's, apparent unsurmountable difficulties, we at length effected her deliverance; and at midnight received the trembling victim of maternal cruelty, safe into our arms.

"Previous

“ Previous to our last attempt, a small wood-cutter’s cottage, on the spot where I have erected my present dwelling, was prepared to receive her, by the good wife of Fuzeli, who had been let into our secret.—There she was concealed six weeks, whilst De Bude returned to Lucern, and I lived with Fuzeli.—Whether any search was ever made for her we could not learn ; as no one appeared at either of the cottages to make enquiries during that time.

“ At the expiration of this period my friend returned, and accompanied me to that humble shed where all my treasure was deposited. At this moment my heart overflows with tenderness, my bosom heaves with sighs of mingled transport and regret, at the recollection of our rapturous meeting.

“ We dared not to hazard the benediction of a Priest, but in presence of my friend, who read the nuptial ceremony, the peasant and his wife, we pledged our mutual faith, and implored the blessings of Heaven.

“ We signed a certificate, witnessed by our friends ; and the tender Christina, throwing herself

herself weeping into my arms, cried, " May
" the Almighty Father forgive my broken
" vows, imposed, not acceded to, and sanc-
" tify these I have made to you ! Alas ! bitter
" remembrance must ever dash the cup of
" joy in its greatest plenitude ; your attach-
" ment to me has lost you the friends of your
" youth, the fortune you were entitled to.—
" You take a proscribed unfortunate being to
" your arms, and to preserve her your's, must
" live in obscurity and indigence ! Too ge-
" nerous man ! why had I not fortitude to
" resist your entreaties, and patiently submit
" to my evil destiny ?—Happier days might
" have been in store for you,—*now* you have
" linked yourself to misfortune, and your
" prospects are clouded for ever !"

" Deeply affected by her tears, in a moment
when my heart exulted in dreams of future
bliss, I could only answer her by straining her
to my bosom with redoubled fervor. De
Bude, who witnessed our mutual agitations,
kindly interfered,—“ Believe me, lovely Chris-
“ tina,” said he, “ I had not been the friend
“ of Mr. Dunford, nor presumed to influence
“ your

“your conduct, but from a thorough know-
“ledge of your mutual affection—the rec-
“titude of his principles—and a conviction
“that riches were but a secondary confi-
“deration with him.

“’Tis most probable that had he never
“known you, the favour of his grandfather,
“and the fortune you regret, would have been
“withdrawn on some other pretence; his ruin
“was determined on, and the instrument em-
“ployed to effect it, would have been at no
“loss to find the means—therefore, far from
“reflecting on yourself as the cause, think
“rather that providence has blest him with a
“lovely amiable wife to soften the severity of
“his disappointments, and that *his* happiness
“is dependent on *your’s*.”

“De Bude, my best and most generous
“friend,” cried I, with energy, “you have
“delineated my very soul. O, what is there
“this world could offer in compensation for
“such a wife and friend! May Heaven pre-
“serve to me the blessings now in view, and I
“may defy fate to make me wretched.”

“The

“The entrance of the good peasants with some refreshments, silenced the enthusiasm of our hearts, and restored us to more moderation in our feelings. Our future mode of life became the subject of our consideration—and that spot so barren, obscure, and uncultivated, seemed the most desirable for our residence.

“In England I had neither friend or acquaintance—in Scotland I was proscribed by the interdiction of my grandfather, and the duplicity of my relations—besides which, I dared not take Christina near any one known to Murray.

“In Italy and France I was equally unknown and unconnected.—De Bude was the only being in the habitable globe that was interested in my welfare, and therefore to be as near him as I dared with safety, was the ultimatum of my wishes.

“My choice fixed, it was soon determined to make the poor wood cutter’s deserted hut a little paradise. We were well convinced that rarely any but solitary wood cutters came under the mountains, which were dangerous, and not connected with any road. Fufeli
and

and his good wife Beatrice, voluntarily offered to leave their cottage to their son and daughter, who were capable of conducting their little farm to their own advantage, and to reside themselves, with me and Christina.

“My friend enforced our acceptance of this kind offer, and with the warmest gratitude we acceded to their joint wishes, so calculated for our comfort.

“In short not to dwell minutely on trifles, I shall only say, that thro’ the kindness and exertions of our friends, in less than two months we had a decent habitation; and it became my chief amusement to improve and embellish it for my Christina.

“De Bude conveyed to us a small, but well chosen library.—Christina played sweetly on the lute—I touched the violin tolerably—she was fond of flowers and the culture of a garden—and thus by diversifying our amusements, every hour yielded pleasure, and our mutual affection daily encreased.

“Our friend remained only one week after our marriage; he was still apprehensive that his absence from Lucern might be noticed,
and

and his steps watched, therefore that it behoved us to be cautious. We heard from him frequently thro' the medium of young Fufeli, and looked forward with impatience for another visit.

“ Within six months our cottage was completely beautiful — my happiness was unbounded — and we laid out a hundred plans for future accommodation, that by employing our time, might agreeably engage us in a variety of amusements.

“ Oh! when I retrace the first six months we passed in our loved retreat, “ the world forgetting, and by the world forgot,” when the days flew rapidly away, free from sorrow or care, and when youth too sanguine in happiness, bade us look forward to years of felicity, ah! how can I paint the sad reverse, how relate the cruel termination of all the flattering visions indulged by love and inexperience.

“ Within three months after our marriage, my beloved Christina gave me hopes of becoming a father, and in consequence of such knowledge I wrote to my friend, requesting he would privately employ some person to
enquire

enquire into the affairs of my family, as I had never received a line from my grandfather in answer to the letter I had written to him in vindication of my conduct.

“The three following months past without information, when one evening we were most agreeably surprised by the presence of our much valued De Bude. When our first transports were meliorated into sober gladness, he informed me that he had received a letter from the friend he had long ago employed to make the enquiries I requested — and then delivered to me the answer he had received.

“I opened it with a palpitating heart, and found by my emotions, that I was not callous to the claims of natural affection.—I learnt that my grandfather had been dead near four months, that he had left the whole of his immense fortune to Lord Dunford, except twenty thousand pounds to my sister Lady John Sedgmore, and twenty more among her younger children, if she had any, otherwise to revert to Lord Dunford.

“*My name* was not mentioned, and this total neglect was a pang to my heart for I could

could not but reflect that he had been once a parent and a benefactor; and whatever had been his caprices, he would not have alienated himself entirely from me, had not the most cruel duplicity — the most undue influence been used to prejudice his mind against me.

“ I paused for some time before I could proceed. De Bude’s friend went on to say, “ that the six thousand pounds to which I was entitled, would be paid on demand, tho’ I was not yet of age, because both guardians being dead, Lord Dunford, who was left in possession of every thing, offered to pay the money, that he might be free from all claims, and have nothing to do with so worthless a wretch whom he blushed to call brother.”

“ He did not deign to enquire in what part of the globe I resided, only requested to be properly authorized and indemnified by my signature before respectable witnesses, and his solicitor should satisfy all demands.”

“ Such were the contents of this letter, over which I hung with a dejection that surprised my friend.—“ My dear Dunford,” said he, “ I am astonished at the effect this letter has

blue

“ on

"on your countenance; I expected you would have been agreeably surprised, that your fortune has been so much improved as to be doubled in its value,—really the old miser did not forget *your* interest."

"Pardon me," returned I, "I owe him nothing on the *score of interest*. When my father made his will he had four younger children, tho' two were dangerously ill; he left three thousand to each of them.—My sisters died, and by that will the present Lady John Sedgmore and myself succeeded to their moiety. The interest of the six thousand pounds my grandfather appropriated to himself for my education, nothing you see being added to the principal; and I am glad of it, it lessens the painful sense I have of my obligations to him,—and 'tis indifferent to me that my brother receives the benefit.

"Turning and embracing my dear Christina, I cried, "we are richer than you expected, for I declare the additional three thousand was forgotten by me, so ignorant am I in money concerns.—Now that the sum is
"mentioned,

“ mentioned, I recollect my dear tutor, Mr.
“ Belmont, one day casually spoke of it, but
“ it had faded on my memory, because my
“ grandfather never mentioned my paternal
“ fortune, but as a poor pittance of three
“ thousand pounds, only enough to make a
“ tradesman of me. And I really think it
“ must have been the claims of my sister, on
“ coming of age, that obliged him to acknow-
“ ledge mine.”

“ Well,” said De Bude, “ fortune unex-
“ pected has double value; but there is a dif-
“ ficulty occurs in receiving it.—It will be
“ requisite for you to go before a magistrate,
“ to make oath, likewise to have respectable
“ witnesses to prove your existence—and how
“ to get through this difficulty, requires some
“ consideration.”

“ After mature deliberation, many objecti-
“ ons, and a reluctant acquiescence to the advice
“ of De Bude, it was settled that I should repair
“ on a day appointed, to Altdorf, and there
“ meet him and De Pretzler, to identify my
“ person before a magistrate.

“ I am certain,” said he, “ that I can prevail on him to appear for you ; he has always thought favourably of you, and detests Murray and his wife, who by the by, have been absent from the first week of their marriage, and it is supposed are in France realizing their property.”

“ I felt the strongest repugnance to leave my darling wife, but the necessity appeared unavoidable, and her fortitude overcame my objections.—“ Go, my beloved James,” said she, “ fear nothing for me ; I trust in the Almighty for *your safety*, tho’ I have not the presumption to implore him for myself.—“ But let me not have to charge myself as the cause of any neglect essential to your interest. Lose not a moment I conjure you, the absence of my mother is favourable, and accounts for the silence observed on my escape ; hasten therefore to profit by so fortunate an opportunity.”

“ To complete my satisfaction, De Bude told me he was in treaty to purchase a small estate in the nearest village, about six miles from our cottage. —“ It is my intention,” said

said he, "to give out that I am going to
" England, and it is most likely Murray will
" conclude *you* are gone there ;—I am sick
" of Lucern, and wish to pass my days near
" you, *if you dare trust me.*"

" I perfectly understood the meaning of
these words. — " With my life," answered I
warmly, " and *with what is far more dear to me.*
" I should be the most unjust and ungrateful
" of mortals, to doubt your integrity and ho-
" nour.—No, my dear *friend*, that sacred name
" is inviolable with you, and my trust is as
" unbounded as your goodness."

" Then I am happy," returned he, " friend-
" ship offers me a retreat congenial to my
" feelings.—I have seen the world, and tasted
" largely both of its pleasures and pains—
" satiety has followed the indulgence of my
" passions—my health and my fortune have
" been sufferers by my follies. Experience
" has taught me that the only true enjoy-
" ment of life must flow from domestic
" comforts, from unreserved disinterested
" friendship.

“ I presume to think our souls are congenial, your heart is good and unsuspicious, mine was so once, but frequent deceptions have made *me* more wary.—You may profit by my former credulity and errors, and equally contributing our little stock of knowledge to enlivening and instructive conversation, I trust we shall derive mutual benefit, and have little to regret in our secession from the world.”

“ My hopes are as sanguine as your’s,” replied I, “ yet it must be confessed we are young philosophers.” “ True,” returned he, smiling, “ but we do not mean to turn hermits; your amiable wife will preserve us from unsocial misanthropy; and you will soon have additional duties to chain you to the earth,—delightful employments that must give the world claims upon you in those beings who will derive their virtues and future consequence from your attentions—and these employments I hope to share with you.”

“ Dear, and ever regretted De Bude, what an exalted mind was your’s! too good, too
VOL. II. G excellent

excellent for a deceptive world, and early called to Heaven to receive the reward of thy integrity and goodness! But to return—

“With a painful regret, which was but ill concealed, I quitted my darling Christina—she dashed off the unbidden tear that dropped upon her cheek, and with angelic sweetness bade me fear nothing for her, nor permit the anxiety of my mind from completing the business so material for my interest—“I shall count the hours for your return,” said she, “but doubt not my patience and fortitude.”

“De Bude and myself left the Valley, and travelled together until we reached the cottage of young Fufeli; there we parted, he took a different route, a nearer road to Lucern, whilst I pursued my way to Altdorf. In this town I rested, and impatiently waited for my friend and Mr. De Pretzler two days—at length they came.

“The old gentleman saluted me in a very friendly manner—“I am glad to see you, Sir, “the unjust treatment you experienced in “Lucern, gave you an interest in my heart “—I am an enemy to injustice and arbitrary “power—

“power — as a young man and a stranger
“you were entitled to more consideration—
“I feel happy therefore that De Bude has
“given me an opportunity to be of service
“to you.”

“I thanked the old gentleman, and we
lost no time in proceeding to business. Every
necessary form was regularly got thro’ in a
short time, and the same day De Bude sent
off all the papers and my claims properly au-
thenticated, with full powers for his friend to
receive for me.

“Mr. De Pretzler consented to pass that
evening with us. Said he, shaking his head,
“That foolish woman my relation, will, I
“have no doubt, pay for her folly.—She has
“married a man cunning and interested—the
“fortune she has so unjustly wrested from her
“children, I have no doubt he will possess
“himself of; and should he desert her, ’tis
“no more than I expect.”

“I was going to speak with some warmth,
a look from De Bude restrained my tongue.

“Do you call Madame Blomberg that was,
“only “a foolish woman?” cried he, “I

“pronounce her a vile one—an unnatural
“mother who has condemned her amiable
“children to a living grave; who has sacrificed
“their happiness to the indulgence of her
“own shameful inclinations; and who has
“been the instrument to calumniate and
“persecute a worthy and respectable young
“man, to gratify the malice of a base un-
“worthy deceiver.—But vengeance will over-
“take her, and that man she has chosen will
“be her punisher.”

“The emotions which a recollection of
Murray’s business occasioned me to betray,
struck Mr. De Pretzler as sorrow for the loss
of Christina.—“Forgive me, Sir,” said he,
“for mentioning a subject that I see gives you
“pain. I confess I had not the smallest idea
“that you were in Switzerland; the treatment
“you have undeservedly met with, could give
“you no favourable opinion of our country.”

“It would be very illiberal,” answered I,
“to form an unfavourable judgment of a
“country, because we happen to meet a few
“unjust persons in it; and still more inex-
“cusable in me, as the injuries I have to com-
“plain

“plain of, originated from the man to whose
“care I was unfortunately confided!”

“That’s true,” returned he, “and I am
“happy to find you discriminate so properly
“in favour of my countrymen.—The Church
“tho’ in some points an indulgent, is in other
“cases a severe mother ; and your enemies
“having contrived to excite the indignation of
“the priests against you, your friends had no
“power to help you. But I should suppose,
“the proscription against you might now be
“rescinded by proper applications, as they are
“satisfied from the measures they have taken,
“you can no more offend them.”

“I shall never make the trial,” replied I,
“nor attempt setting foot in Lucern again.—
“Indeed ’tis my intention to travel for some
“time before I return to my native country ;
“which is the reason I was induced to request
“this trouble of you, Sir, and my friend Mr.
“De Bude, to avoid the necessity of going im-
“mediately to England or Scotland.

“I am happy in the power of being ser-
“viceable to you,” said the old gentleman,

"you may at all times command me, if I can
"do you any pleasure."

"I was much gratified by this friendliness
in Mr. De Pretzler, but I was not sorry when
the hour of retiring came, as I wished to lose
the time in sleep, that appeared insupportably
tedious when absent from my Christina."

CHAP.

CHAPTER XXXI

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate, is privileged beyond the common walk of virtuous life; quite in the verge of Heaven."

"THE following day, I took a polite leave of both gentlemen; they went the road to Lucern. I understood the significant looks of De Bude, repeating his promise of being soon with us in the Valley, and therefore saw him depart without any chagrin. I was eager to return to my lovely wife, and rode hard, without meeting any accident, towards the cottage of young Fuseli.

"The moment I alighted, "Ah! Sir," said he, "I am glad you are arrived here;—dear me, how it will glad the heart of Father Peter." "Indeed," replied I, in a quick tone, "I have not time to visit him now." "O, good Sir, don't say so," rejoined he, "the

"good man is dying ; I have been with him
"all night, my sister is there now, and he does
"so wish to see you ; do, pray do, Sir, spare two
"or three hours to comfort a dying man"

"The compassionate earnestness of Fufeli,
made me blush at my selfish impatience,—
"Well," said I, "I will go to him immediately.
"I admire *your* kindness to him, my good
"friend ; God will reward your charity."—
"No charity, Sir, 'tis a duty ;—he is a good
"man and alone, it would be wickedness not
"to attend and comfort him, tho' we were to
"lose time and money by it. —He is our
"neighbour, sick, and infirm, God forbid we
"should ever forget our duty to the sick and
"aged."

"I was struck with the piety and natural
goodness of an unadulterated heart—an une-
ducated young man.—I blushed a second time
before him, and felt *his* superiority who so
readily gave up those hours precious to a man
like him, whilst I had felt a repugnance to do
the same, even when I had given my word to
oblige him,—merely because I had self grati-
fication in view. I felt rebuked for my impa-
tience

tience by this good peasant; and to atone for it, hastened away to the mountain with mingled sentiments of admiration and compassion.

"I soon reached the hut of Father Peter, who was supported in his bed by Agnes Fufeli.

"Ah!" cried she, "the holy Virgin be praised!

"here is the very gentleman you wanted to

"see." The poor man feebly lifted up his hand,

"My young friend," said he, "this is a mark

"of God's favour to a dying man.—A rheu-

"matic fever has reduced me to the last extre-

"mity. You alone know the secrets of my

"treasures.—I intended this day to have re-

"vealed it to the good young man and wo-

"man who have so charitably attended me;—

"you shall open the chest before Agnes, and

"take down my last bequests."

"I was much moved to see him so greatly reduced, as seemed to forbid all hope of his recovery; and was about to open the seat that concealed the treasures he spoke of, when a peasant boy entered with some bread and a flaggon of wine, with which he ran to the bed, with the greatest eagerness, regardless of my appearance.

“ My dear, dear blessed father,” cried he, big tears running down his cheeks, “ do take a bit of bread and a sip of wine.—God Almighty will spare your life, I am sure he will ; I pray to him day and night.—One drop of wine, dear father,—a bit of bread ; pray do.—Ah ! who will love poor Alexis when you are gone to Heaven ?—Indeed I cannot stay behind you.—If you will die, O, pray take me ;—nobody will teach me what is good when you are gone.”

“ This simple but pathetic lamentation had an instantaneous effect on Father Peter ; he seemed to struggle for strength,—“ Heaven, my good child, hath sent thee a friend.”—He called me to his bed side,—“ I have heard your story, you seem to have a good heart, this kind visit confirms my confidence ; this boy is an orphan, he is docile and affectionate ; he receives instruction with pleasure, and has a just sense of his duty to God.

“ His master spared him to my entreaties—these two months past he has lived with me. I intended to give him to the care of the good Fuseli, but now let me commend
“ him

“him to you, as the legacy of a dying man
“who loves him.—Speak, Sir, will you, can
“you take him, without trouble to yourself?”

“I can, I will,” returned I,—“I accept him
“from you as a sacred deposit, and will regard
“him as the child of a friend.”—“I am sat-
“isfied, I shall die easy,” returned the good
father, “he is in truth the child of my affec-
“tions—these four years past he has attached
“himself to me, and my wish was to place
“him in a happy situation. He is a sacred
“charge, an orphan, the gift of one now pass-
“ing beyond the cares of this life.—To your
“honour, to your conscience, in the presence
“of God,—I bequeath him.”

“Exhausted with talking he took a spoonful
of wine; then taking the boy's hand he put it
into mine.—“This gentleman, my child, is
“to be your master, benefactor, and friend—
“with him I shall leave money for your good,
“if you deserve it.” The poor creature fell
at my feet, bathed in tears.

“I will love and honour you, Sir, as I have
“done my dear Father Peter,” said he; “I will
“if I can, ever be obedient to you, if you are
“as

"as kind to me,—but I am afraid a great gentleman will not love me as he does.—O, that our good God would take me with him to Heaven!"

With difficulty I brought the grateful boy to some degree of composure, when Father Peter desired me to open his repository. The boy and Agnes were extremely surprised to see this seat turned into a box,—the leather trunk in it also opened by a spring.—There was a small case which contained a gold watch with a superb chain and seals, two very fine diamond rings, and a locket with hair in it, set round with large brilliants of great value.

"Put that case aside," said he, "and look further."—I found four bags, each of which was labeled to contain three hundred ducats. I looked at him with surprise, he observed it.

"That money," said he, "is all I saved from the wreck of a noble fortune, shamefully squandered. I reserved it in the hope of atoning for former dissipations by benefiting some worthy objects. I have relieved many by trifles, thro' the hands of Fuseli. Had I been known to have possessed money,

"my

“ my life would long since have been sacrificed
“ to the plunderers who infest the mountains.”

“ Fastened to the last bag was a written,
paper, “ That is my will,” resumed he, “ I
“ give one bag and its contents jointly be-
“ tween Agnes and her brother. The other
“ three, containing nine hundred ducats, to
“ be divided equally between my old friends
“ Fufeli, and this good boy Alexis.

“ These trinkets, which to them would be
“ useless, and the sale of which might have
“ excited suspicions to their prejudice, I en-
“ treat you to accept.—I hear you have re-
“ covered the object of your affections, and
“ are married—let the watch and that pre-
“ cious locket be her’s—they once belonged
“ to my wife, to that ever beloved woman
“ I am now hastening to join, to part no
“ more. I trust in Almighty goodness, and
“ leave this world without dread or regret.

“ You will see in that paper I have ad-
“ vised Fufeli to consult the son of his be-
“ nefactress, Mr. De Bude, in the disposal of
“ the money for the advantage of Alexis and
“ himself. — You will assist him, and do
“ justice,

“justice, as you expect retribution from
“Heaven,

“I rejoice that you are happy, but do not
“exult, nor be too sanguine. — This is a
“world of trial; happiness has no duration —
“fortitude, and a resignation to the divine
“will, can alone ensure you contentment.

“My good friends, my dear boy, be good,
“and felicity will be your portion; let your
“conscience be void of offence towards God
“and man, and you may look up with humble
“confidence to the blessings of Heaven.”

“Here the good man stopped, and crossed
himself most devoutly. He had with much
difficulty and frequent pauses uttered what I
have here repeated, the poor Alexis on his
knees giving him now and then a spoonful
of wine, as he seemed faint and exhausted. —
Never shall I forget the countenance of that
affectionate grateful boy.

“I could not possibly quit them, I saw
the poor Father’s last hour was fast approaching; the dreadful disorder had worn
him to a skeleton, his constitution was entirely
decayed, and the lamp of life nearly
extinguished.

extinguished. Whilst he had powers of utterance, he exhorted and comforted Alexis; the sorrow so visible and undisguised in him, seemed to give a pang to Father Peter's departing spirit.

"I observed his looks so fixed on the boy, I took the child's hand—" My dear boy, "don't afflict the good Father, he is going to Heaven—if you remember his advice, if you are good like him, you will some time hence see him again—till then look on me as your friend and father; I will love you for the sake of that good man."

"He kissed my hand, and bowed his head in speechless grief. The dying man attempted to articulate his satisfaction, "Heaven be praised!—My poor Alexis!—a father!—God will reward—let us all—trust in him. O, Heavenly Father! look down—bless, bless all—and receive my soul!" The last words were scarcely to be heard, and his spirit flew to Heaven.

"Perhaps you will think I have been too prolix, but the impression made on me by this scene will never be forgotten; it was the first

first time I had been in the chamber of death, the awe inspired by an event I was so entirely unprepared for, never faded from my remembrance.

"The poor creatures present were not less affected than myself, for they had not thought his death so *very* near; and Agnes told me, but a few moments before I entered he had said, "I have a secret to disclose at night "when your brother comes. I do not think "I can survive many days more." It was plain therefore he did not himself think his end so near at hand. Possibly the exertions he made to speak and direct—the emotions of joy he expressed on seeing me, and recommending his poor boy to my care, might have accelerated the event. But I shall ever be grateful to providence, and thankful to Fuseli, that I was directed to his cottage in that moment, to afford him consolation and peace in the hour of death.

"I did not leave them you may be sure. Young Fuseli came in the evening, and was greatly afflicted that he had not been present in the awful moment. Indeed they appeared

to

to grieve for a father; and I could not help observing that the riches, so unexpected, seemed to give neither exultation nor comfort to the peasants or the boy—their sorrow flowed from the heart, and was superior to consolation from mercenary regards.

“The young man wished for the presence and advice of his father, and as I was perfectly ignorant what steps were necessary to take in affairs of this melancholy nature, I thought it most expedient for me to hasten home, and send the good folks to assist their son and daughter—this proposal on my part cheered their hearts.”

“I asked Alexis, if he would go with me, he turned pale as death, “If you command me, Sir, I will, but—” and he burst into a flood of tears—“but if I could see my best friend, my dear Father, laid in his grave—“if I could be left to stay here ’till no one else could see him any more, I think it would be a great comfort—but you know best, Sir, I must obey you.”

“His grief was audible and affecting, it touched me extremely. “Stay then, my
“good

"good boy," said I, "stay 'till all is over, and come to me with the parents of these good people. Far from blaming you, I love you, my dear Alexis, for your gratitude."

"The poor creature was ready to worship me. I tore myself from them, and returning with Fuseli to the cottage, mounted my horse and pursued my journey."

"It was a very early hour of the morning, as I left the mountain on the first dawning of day; I hastened with all possible speed, and arrived at the Valley before the sun was sunken beneath the mountains. To my infinite joy I discovered my Christina and Beatrice advancing towards me; a shout of transport escaped from each of us, and in a moment I held my darling wife locked in my arms."

"It had been her custom every evening to walk in the Valley, with the hope, now realised, of meeting me. I conducted her home, and immediately imparted to Fuseli and his wife the late sad event I had witnessed; they were both grieved; but neither expressed any regret that they had not been present, tho' knowing their hearts, I was sensible they

must

must

must feel it, and I knew how to appreciate their self denial, the result of innate respect, and untaught politeness.

"I left the good folks to bemoan the death of their friend, whilst I related to my Christina the satisfactory termination of the business I had been to transact. The tender conversations of a fond couple cannot interest indifferent persons, and therefore may as well be omitted. The next morning Fuseli and his wife set off for their cottage; and nothing worth relating took place till their return, accompanied by Alexis.

"The moment he saw me his sorrow was renewed, he wept heartily, nor did I try to repress the effusions of his heart. When a little composed, I led him to Christina, she was charmed with his address and ingenuous countenance; he observed her with surprise and a look of reverence—accustomed only to the peasantry, he was struck with an awe, an admiration that was visible in every feature.

"My good Alexis," said she, taking his hand, "will you love me?" "O, dear, yes," cried he, catching her hand between both of his,

his, "I love you already; to be sure you are
"one of Father Peter's angels—didn't *he* love
"you? but," dropping her hand, "pray
"don't be angry if I have been too free—
"would not offend *you* for the world."

"I repeat this merely to shew the genuine
effusion of an unadulterated heart, affected by
beauty and gentleness.

"I had learnt from Fuseli, that this boy's
parents once lived in credit, and rented a
large farm, but a disorder among their cattle,
the death of the father by a hurt from a
horse, and the cruelty of a hard landlord, had
altogether thrown the poor woman into great
distress when she was near lying-in,—this boy,
Alexis, then only two years old. She was delivered
of a still-born child, and died the following
day. The poor boy was taken care of by the
parish, and in due time placed with a farmer,
where in one of his rambles, before he was
disabled, Father Peter saw him, and was so
pleased with the artless ingenuity of his man-
ners, that he undertook to instruct him in his
leisure hours.—His master kindly gave the
boy permission to attend him, and, some
weeks

weeks before his death, resigned him entirely to Father Peter.

"Such was the history of Alexis, and from the day he entered the cottage, he became so attached to Christina and myself, that he was equally a favourite with both, and well deserved our regards.

"It was near a fortnight before Fuseli and his wife returned to us, as I wished them to settle every thing relative to their donation. They had written to De Bude, who had directed them in the best manner how to dispose of their money.

"I gave them their choice of living with me or not; as their circumstances were so much improved, they had a right to choose for themselves. The son I found was desirous of their residence with him,—Agnes expressed a wish to live with me and my "Angel Lady" or such her mother styled Christina. — At length it was so settled, that Agnes came to us for six months, after which the parents were to take her place for the same time, and so alternately.

"Soon

“Soon after this arrangement I heard from De Bude; he had finished the purchase of a small estate a few leagues from us, and hoped soon to be in our neighbourhood.—This intelligence completed our satisfaction.

“Our lives resembled a calm sea; the hours passed on teeming with delight; we had no wishes ungratified, and happiness seemed to have taken up her abode in our small dwelling.

“Possessed of Christina, assured now of enjoying a competence that exceeded our wants, and which would enable us to provide frugally for our children, the pride of birth, the desire of riches, nor the charms of society, ever for a moment occasioned us any regret.—I envied not Lord Dunford the fortune he had acquired by duplicity; six thousand pounds paid so much sooner than I expected was an acquisition that bounded all my wishes in that cheap country, and in the retirement in which we lived.

C H A P. XXII.

“When such Friends part,

’Tis the Survivor dies.”

“OUR friend De Bude arrived to take possession of his estate; we were then completely happy—his enlivening and instructive conversation were never-failing sources of amusement. The young Alexis added to our pleasures; equally beloved by all, his grateful affection, and the rapid improvements he made under our care, gave us the highest satisfaction.

“Two months after De Bude was settled in our neighbourhood, he came one morning early; I was in my study, Christina engaged in her garden.—“I have letters, my friend,” said he, “First let me congratulate you on the point of interest; the six thousand pounds

“ pounds is paid into the hands of a banker
“ at your request.

“ Next I have to inform you, that Mrs.
“ Murray is come back to Lucern, without
“ her husband.—She is gathering in all arrears
“ due on her estates there ; and De Pretzler
“ writes that he hears her property in France
“ is sold, and the estates in Lucern are like-
“ wise going to be disposed of.—She has col-
“ lected the rents in haste, and appears ex-
“ tremely hurried and dejected.

“ Mr. De Pretzler called on her twice be-
“ fore he was admitted, and she seemed
“ peevish at his perseverance. He asked after
“ Murray,—“ he was in France,” she said,
“ and she should shortly return to him, and
“ leave that detested country.”

“ Very strange,” said he, “ that you
“ should dislike it.—What, do you give up
“ your children for ever?” “ *They have de-*
“ *serted me,*” answered she ;—“ have they not
“ taken the veil, and must it not be their
“ own choice?” “ You know, it was not,”
answered he, “ you have made them victims

“ 10

“to your avarice, and their sorrows will fall
“on your devoted head.”

“Sir,” cried she, with rage and indignation, “if you came to insult me your absence will be more desirable than this visit.”
“I know it,” returned he, “but remember I
“tell you, retribution is at hand;—the wrongs
“of your children will be repaid by Murray—
“you will be an outcast, justly despised and
“unpitied.”

“She arose like a fury, dashed into another room, and presently a servant appeared to tell him “the doors were opened.” De Pretzler withdrew, glad that he had fixed a sting in her heart—and the next morning he heard she was going from Lucern for ever.

“You have therefore now,” continued he, “nothing I hope to fear; she does not appear to know of Christina’s escape, and the
“silence of the Convent on that subject, is
“wholly unaccountable.”

“This intelligence from De Bude afforded me no small pleasure. Mr. and Mrs. Murray’s departure from Lucern was very desirable on

many accounts, and I heartily wished we might never hear of them more.

"I agreed with De Bude that the indifference observed relative to the escape of Christina was very extraordinary; and only to be accounted for on the part of Murray and his wife, that if they knew it, they supposed her to be in my possession, and consequently that neither of us would dare venture to appear in public and were effectually proscribed; and as Christina had taken the veil, she had no claims on her mother.

"This seemed the most natural inference that we could draw from their silence; and as we were never discovered, or ever, that we could hear, once sought after, I have no doubt but our conclusions were just.

"No one event of consequence took place in our affairs, until my darling wife was taken in labour, and after a very severe time, was safely delivered of a daughter by Beatrice Fufeli, who had been formerly accustomed to the business. My joy was inexpressible—Christina seemed delighted with her new employment.

my friend partook in our satisfaction, and universal content reigned in our little family.

“ Delusive calm, portentous of the threatening storm then gathering at a distance, but soon to overwhelm and sink me into endless sorrow !

“ For near two months after the birth of our young Christina, we were the happiest of mortals. De Bude and Alexis frequently made little excursions together over the mountains in search of game ; and among the neighbouring villages for necessaries we stood in need of. Alexis passed as much time with our friend as with us, for De Bude took great delight in instructing him ; and since our little one had added to our amusements, Alexis was spared to his wishes on all occasions.

“ One morning they called on us, and we all walked out into the valley.—It was a clear frosty day, all nature smiled, the dew-drops hanging congealed on the underwood, the mountains glittered as the Sun shone on the little pieces of water frozen on its declivities, whilst large icicles hung suspended from the branches of the trees, forming altogether one of the

most beautiful scenes that winter could possibly exhibit.

"I should like," said Alexis, "to ascend that mountain, and view the surrounding one's covered with ice."—"It could be no novelty to you," I replied, "you have been born and bred amongst the mountains."—"Yes, Sir," answered he, "that's true, but our's were not so high as these; and I have a great desire to go up that high rock."

"A very rash attempt I am sure," answered Christina, "'tis so steep as to be at all times difficult to climb. Mr. De Bude has never yet attempted it, and surely now it is still more dangerous, on account of the ice that renders it so slippery, you could not have a footing."

"I submit, Madam," said he modestly, "your judgment shall always controul my inclinations."

No more was said, but I observed his eyes were constantly directed towards the rock he had particularised. We returned home and De Bude stopped the night with us as he often did.

"I

"In the morning at breakfast we missed Alexis;—on enquiry Agnes said, he had gone out very early. It was a thing so unusual for him to be absent at meals, that we were not a little surprised. I saw Christina change colour, "Surely," said she, "the dear boy is not gone to that terrible mountain!—Agnes, run over to the valley,—call for him round the house."

"Agnes flew away instantly, for she doted on Alexis.—"Pho," said De Bude, "don't frighten yourselves, the boy is safe enough, he would not attempt climbing the mountains, after being told the danger he run in doing it!—'Tho' my heart unaccountably misgave me, I concurred in the same opinion with my friend, because I saw my wife was greatly agitated.—Alas! a very few moments, and all her apprehensions were verified."

"We heard a cry of "help, help, he is dying."—Agnes burst into the room, "O, the poor boy, the poor Alexis! Come, come and help him, he is not quite dead, but broken all to pieces."—Christina gave a loud

H 3

shriek,

shriek, and as De Bude quitted the room she fainted away.

“ I was in a distracted state, for Agnes had followed him, the child luckily was asleep. I sought for some water, sprinkled and supported her ; the deprivation of her senses was not long, she recovered life and recollection, hid her face in my bosom, and burst into tears, which I was not sorry to see.

“ Whilst I was soothing, and entreating her to consider her child and struggle for fortitude, unluckily, all the doors being left open, and both De Bude and Agnes too much agitated to recollect it, they entered, bearing, to all appearance, the lifeless body of poor Alexis between them. Christina sprung up, “ What dead, dead ! ” cried she, in a tone of horror. “ No,” replied our friend, “ he is not dead, I hope the poor child may be saved.”

“ He was carried to a bed, we followed—he had recovered his senses, but a leg and an arm hung useless, and we had no doubt he must be terribly bruised. When Christina drew near and spoke, he opened his eyes,—

“ May

"May God and you forgive me," said he, feebly, "I deserve it all."

"The moment De Bude heard him speak, he went off on horseback to bring a surgeon. Unskilled in cases of surgery, I did not attempt to move, or render him any assistance. Christina hung over him with the fondness of a sister.—Once he opened his eyes again, and beheld her weeping—"O," cried he, "do not, do not kill me with these tears; I cannot bear them! I have been very, very, rash and wicked."

"I spoke soothingly to him, and bid him not make any exertions 'till the surgeon arrived. Unfortunately, tho' our friend made all possible speed, it was five hours before his return, when he came accompanied by" a surgeon and a priest.

Christina had withdrawn before their entrance. On examination it proved that his leg was broken, his arm dislocated, and he had several bruises. The poor fellow suffered extreme torture during the necessary operation; but the surgeon observed, that youth and a good constitution might get him thro',

if there were no inward hurts, which it was impossible then to ascertain.

Father Peter had inculcated the tenets of the Catholic Religion in the boy's mind, and he really had a very just sense of his duty to God, no one therefore had presumed to interfere with his faith; he always joined in our prayers with the strictest devotion and piety, nor did we prohibit him from reading in the mass book as he liked. De Bude therefore with a liberal consideration had prevailed on the Confessor of the nearest Convent to accompany him, apprehensive that the poor Alexis would die under the operation, and believing it would be a satisfaction to him to have a priest and Confessor.

“Fatal kindness! How praise worthy were his motives, and who could foresee that the event was to *rob me* of all earthly happiness!

“The Confessor was a truly good and pious man, but he was strict in his profession. He did not, like many, execrate all modes of faith that differed from his own—he pitied the misguided Protestants, he said, deplored their blindness, and prayed for their conversion,

sion, from a thorough persuasion that the Catholic was the only true religion.

“Such were his principles, which we heard without disgust, or any desire to controvert. Content with our own faith, the liberality of our religion taught us to reverence a good man of every persuasion; and he had candour enough to own, when we were better acquainted, that our forbearance, and general conduct, inspired him with very favourable ideas of our firmness in our own faith, and the just principles that appeared to govern all our actions.

“Poor Alexis was delighted with the consolations and prayers of Father St. Jerome; and to please the boy I offered the Father a bed for the night, as De Bude had some business that called him home.—My offer was accepted, and in the evening my friend and the surgeon left us.”

“Not to be tedious on this part of my story, I shall only say, that the fractured leg, and dislocated arm of Alexis went on progressively well. The good priest came often to see him, and became a great favourite with

my dear Christina, and indeed little less regarded by myself.

“In something more than two months Alexis was so well recovered as to walk by crutches. He could not forgive himself for the anxiety and trouble his rash inclination had been productive of—nor could he account, he said, for that strong impulse he felt to ascend the mountain, from whence, before he had half way attained the summit, his feet slipped, and he rolled down—he recollected shrieking “Ah! my dear, dear lady!” from thinking of Christina’s advice, but nothing more, till he was brought into the house.

“He was so generally beloved by our small party, that all felt equally happy on his recovery; and our darling child, little Christina, knew him perfectly, and was seldom out of his arms.

“In a very short time after this accident, I remarked a dejection in the countenance of my beloved wife, and heard sighs issue from her bosom which she strove to repress. — Greatly alarmed, I questioned her on the cause that produced those symptoms of an uneasy mind.

mind.—She assured me that I was mistaken, nothing disturbed her, but that she felt a weakness that sometimes affected her spirits without being herself sensible of it, had it not been remarked by others.

“This explanation by no means tended to give me ease, as her melancholy encreased and her health visibly declined. I requested De Bude to bring, as if accidentally, the medical gentleman who had attended Alexis.—This he did the following day, and before him I mentioned the languid state of Christina’s spirits. With some persuasion she submitted her complaints to him—he ordered her to wean the child, to take nourishing aliments, and endeavour to be cheerful,—to use gentle exercise, and above all, *not to think too much.*”

“He told De Bude, in confidence, that there was certainly a dejection of spirits and a wasting of flesh, which seemed to proceed from an uneasy mind, and which if not soon removed, might prove of serious consequences. This opinion was not then communicated to me, but some days after De Bude took upon himself the privilege of friendship, to talk very

very freely with her on the subject, and at length drew from her a confession that, "She was in truth *very unhappy*."

"Unhappy!" cried my friend, "*you unhappy!* With a husband that adores you, a child such as the fondest mother might be proud of, and a certainty of a comfortable provision for your family,—is it possible, surrounded with these blessings, that you can be *unhappy*?"

"She burst into a flood of tears—" My good friend, a mind diseased turns every blessing into a curse.—Not one of these comforts that you have enumerated, but what adds to my distress.—Hear then the state of my heart.

"During the pangs of child-birth my conscience smote me that I had broken the most solemn vows, and deserved to suffer the greatest torments.—Even the child I was about to bring into the world was not in the eyes of mankind legitimate—if it lived, might possibly reproach me with the disgrace of its birth;—and should my situation be discovered, would most likely look

"on

"on me with horror rather than duty, and
"consider me as a sacrilegious wretch who
"had sacrificed her salvation to her passions.

"Such were the thoughts that crowded
"upon my mind, and gave me infinitely
"greater pangs than bodily pain.

"At length my child was born, and with
"it was born new pleasures, and sensations I
"had before no idea of. The delightful at-
"tentions it required, the joy expressed by
"my too dearly beloved Dunford, and the
"amusements your kindness procured, for a
"time obliterated all my painful reflections;
"or at least lulled them into rest.

"The effect produced by the accident
"Alexis met with on my agitated spirits,
"convinced me I was not got above my for-
"mer terrors; since I weakly construed that
"accident as a punishment intended for me,
"because I loved the boy."

"Good God!" cried De Bude, inter-
rupting her, "and have you cruelly concealed
"this unpardonable weakness of your mind,
"so long from the man who adores you; and
"permitted the folly of your erroneous ideas
"to

“to undermine your health, and destroy *his*
“*peace* who lives but in you?”

“Spare me,” continued she, still weeping,
“tho’ I may appear to deserve your reproaches,
“do not now aggravate my faults;—if faults
“they may be called, which are the involun-
“tary compunctions of a sorrowing heart.
“Hear me out, you have solicited this con-
“fidence, I cannot unbosom myself to my be-
“loved James. *You* have drawn this con-
“fession from me, now hear it in its fullest ex-
“tent, and *pity at least*, my very unfortunate
“destiny..”

“Equally astonished and grieved, my friend
desired her to proceed.—“You must remem-
“ber,” resumed Christina, “that when poor
“Alexis seemed reduced to the last extremity,
“he was never easy but when Father St. Je-
“rome and myself were with him. That good
“and pious man exerted himself to calm and
“comfort the mind of the apparently dying
“boy.—I was charmed with his piety, softness
“and humanity; and when, contrary to our
“expectations, Alexis was restored to us, my
“dear husband and yourself were so pleased
“with

“with the good Father, that his visits were
“frequently solicited; and very many hours
“he has passed with me, while you both were
“amusing yourselves abroad.

“His conversation frequently fell upon re-
“ligious subjects; the convent I resided in
“when in Paris, was a catholic one, and there
“I imbibed my first tenets in that faith. My
“Mother, I blush to say, seemed more in-
“clined to worship the good things of
“*this world*, than solicitous for her salvation
“in the next, tho’ I believe she professed
“the catholic religion.

“Motives of piety however had no share in
“her determination to shut me in a Cloyster
“for life,—avarice and vanity influenced her
“to get rid of me, and ’tis possible, tho’ I had
“no predilection for a conventual life, I might
“have submitted to her will without any deep
“regrets, had I never beheld my dearest
“James.

“From that hour confinement became
“odious to me; my days and nights were
“passed in painful retrospections and hopeless
“wishes—until I was unexpectedly surprised
“by

“ by your information that he had followed
“ me to Lucern.

“ Inclinations that I had laboured to sub-
“ due, and wishes I had vainly sought to re-
“ press, returned in their full force, and you
“ know the consequence.

“ The harsh and barbarous treatment I ex-
“ perience from the Abbess and my mother,
“ had a contrary effect to what they intended;
“ it steeled my heart against every persuasion,
“ it enabled me to triumph over every cru-
“ elty, and I confess rendered every religious
“ duty hateful.

“ But at length finding myself cut off from
“ all hope of ever seeing again the man I loved,
“ worn out by resisting perpetual persecution,
“ among strangers with whom I was permitted
“ no converse, and shut up in a gloomy cell
“ without a possibility of relief, I was driven
“ one day in a fit of despair, to say, “ Do
“ what you will with me.”

“ This was regarded as an unequivocal
“ consent; every preparation was hurried, and
“ senseless, despairing, and wretched, the vows
“ passed my lips, when my heart abhorred
“ them;

“them; and when conscience told me Religion had no share in the ceremony I had submitted to.

“My days and nights were wretched; I hourly repented of my tacit acquiescence to the views of my cruel mother, and in vain sought to derive consolation from the duties of my profession, which every day grew more painful, from a conviction of my unworthiness.

“In this state I was discovered by you, and weakly, wickedly broke my vows, and fled from the Convent.

“The danger of childbirth first placed the enormity of my crimes before me, and gradually softened my heart to a sense of my misconduct, a deep reflection on my situation, and a tender consideration for the infant I had given birth to.

“The religious discourses of Father St. Jerome sunk into my soul, recalled my wandering faith, and often sent me in tears to humble myself before that Divine Being, whom I had so unpardonably offended.

“I

“ I fought to hide the agonising distress
“ of my mind from my too dearly beloved
“ James ; but my fears, my doubts encreasing,
“ some days ago I ventured to relate the out-
“ lines of my story to the good Father, as cir-
“ cumstances attached to a young woman I
“ had formerly known.—To this hour I believe
“ he has not an idea that in the least they ap-
“ proximate to me.

“ I will not, I cannot repeat to you,
“ what his sentiments are of my conduct ;—
“ he was not severe or uncharitable, but the
“ light in which he placed the errors the sup-
“ posed young woman had unhappily fallen
“ into, the disgrace and guilt of her present
“ situation in this life, and the hazard of her
“ eternal salvation in the next—have spoken
“ daggers to my heart.

“ Religion and reason confirm the just con-
“ demnation the good man so tenderly pro-
“ nounced ; and now horror and despair have
“ fixed their arrows in my bosom.—Life is be-
“ come odious, my situation insupportable ;
“ every kindness from my dear James is a
“ crime my soul shrinks at ; and unless death
“ soon

“soon puts a period to my misery, I feel that
“reason will sink under the conflicts I endure,
“and the dreadful effects of madness who can
“tell?

“O, save, save me,” she cried, “from the
“horrors that surround me!—Explain to
“your beloved, Ah! how too much beloved,
“friend, the torments I feel, and prepare him
“to resign me; that I may devote my few
“remaining days to penitence and prayer.”

“Here the dear unfortunate Christina, concluded. De Bude astonished, terrified, and tenderly moved by the lovely unhappy woman, whose eyes eagerly sought in his, the pity she implored, was some moments before he had the power to articulate a word.

“When a little recovered, he exerted every argument good sense, liberality, and tenderness could suggest, to remove her prejudices and quiet her agonised conscience,—but all his efforts and reasoning proved fruitless.

“Religious apprehensions of sacrilegious perjury,—of broken vows,—of a guilty connexion,—and the disgrace she had drawn on an innocent babe,—had so powerfully fixed
on

on her disordered mind, that opposition to her conclusions appeared to unsettle her senses; and he was compelled to relinquish his exertions, lest he should fire her brain.

“ Before they parted, she drew from him a promise, that he would prepare me for an eternal separation here;—that he would tranquilize my mind,—and above all, conjure me to spare myself and her all conversation or altercation on the subject, which would only tend to mutual misery, and never alter her determination.

“ She confessed she had many days been struggling for resolution to unbosom herself to me, but found she was unequal to combat with my tenderness and her own emotions, which so powerfully overcame her strongest efforts when in my sight; and had not De Bude wrung the secret from her, she had that day determined to write what she could not utter.

“ With increased energy she besought De Bude to strengthen my mind to confirm, rather than seek to controvert her determined resolution of retiring from the world; and if
her

her future peace on earth, and eternal salvation was dear to me, then she trusted I would spare her the misery of seeing me wretched, of hearing fruitless complaints, or entering into any debates which must prove as painful as unavailing.

“ My friend left the dear unfortunate Christina, and sought a private conference with me; but how impossible to attempt a description of my feelings when the above conversation was related.—The excess of my grief can only be conceived by the excess of my love; and the torment of seeing that fair structure of happiness I had so fondly raised, and considered as so permanently fixed, at once overthrown and tumbled into ruins.

“ What I said, or did, in the first transports of astonishment and sorrow I know not.—We were seated in a small arbour, encircled by flowering shrubs planted by the hand of Christina—I looked round, every flower was drooping, the leaves seemed all withered on the boughs; and tho’ the sun shone, all was dark and comfortless to me. De Bude, with all the energy of friendship, and the
foothings

foothings of sympathy, endeavoured to soften the blow, and reason me into composure.—Alas! the wounds of the heart resist the power of consolation in the moment of agony.

“I lay extended on the mossy bench, insensible to every idea but the loss of Christina—“Had she been torn from me by the inexorable hand of death, had Providence resumed its gift and called her to her native skies,” I exclaimed, “I could have borne it with humble submission!” Weak mortals as we are—simple judges of our own strength in the hour of trial, when fortitude is called upon for exertion. I had scarce pronounced the word “submission,” when Alexis flew towards us crying “Hasten, oh, hasten, my dear lady is in fits!”

“I heard no more—I lost every idea of the soul-harrowing conversation that had wound my soul to a pitch of undescribable misery; in a moment I was by the side of my angel wife, who had been lifted to her bed, and lay in violent convulsions.

“O, never, never shall I forget the agony of that hour, the sufferings of the dear unhappy

happy creature, and the inexpressible overwhelming anguish I endured!

“De Bude, that faithful indefatigable friend, flew to procure medical assistance. I knelt by her side, confining her dear hands in mine, whilst her struggles and distortions tore my heart asunder. The physician arrived, his efforts to relieve her were at length successful — the convulsions abated — her senses returned, but so weak and exhausted that she was ordered not to speak, or be spoken to.

“I remained silent, in the same position, her hand in mine, my eyes fixed on her languid but still beautiful face. She sighed heavily, her looks, earnest and tender, spoke unutterable things;—and in this dreadful pause, memory recalled the sad, sad information I had obtained from my friend.

“Ah! thought I, if it pleases heaven to spare her valued life, to restore *her* health and peace of mind, I submit with patient endurance to be the only victim; and to know that my poor Christina enjoys content, will strengthen my mind to support every evil that may lacerate *my heart only*.

“Thus

“ Thus we see how much happiness or misery is comparative in the fallible judgment of erring mortals.—A few hours before I thought her death would have been endured with submission, and supported with fortitude, as an inevitable blow by the decrees of the Almighty;—but in the moment when this precious life was in danger, the privation of her society, the loss of her tender affection, weighed in the balance but as a selfish grief, a partial sorrow that reason must exert its energies to subdue, and manly resolution might enable me to conquer.

“ During several hours that this pathetic silence was observed, I watched her countenance with unremitting attention—the paleness and languor encreased, yet she seemed to recover more strength in the direction of her eyes and the expression of her looks. The physician had ordered her some cordials that a little revived her. “ You must permit me “ to speak, Sir,” said she, “ the exertion I “ can bear. I am now better, but my disorder “ may return, I must speak while my senses “ are perfect. Let Father St. Jerome be sent for;

“for; and leave me with my—” she stopt,—
 “with my beloved James.”

“He withdrew:—“Short must be our
 “conference,” said she, “forgive me, dear
 “and best of men, for all the vexations and
 “sorrows I have heaped upon you. A too
 “tender passion has undone us both—I dare
 “not look back—my errors, my sins have
 “been great—a sincere repentance and a con-
 “trite heart will, I humbly trust, mitigate the
 “wrath of Heaven, whom I have offended
 “by broken vows, by sacrilegious perjury,
 “and a life of reproach.—I have extended
 “my guilt, I have brought disgrace on an
 “innocent child—Just God! how wide the
 “extension of one fatal act of impiety!”

“She paused a few moments, her eyes
 lifted to Heaven, her lips moving. I could
 not speak, my full heart denied utterance to
 my tongue, the big drops fell from my face
 on her hand, on which I bowed my head.

“Spare me,” cried she, “O, too dearly
 “beloved friend, spare me this bitter stroke,
 “your misery I cannot bear; yet my peace in
 “the hour of death, nay my salvation, de-

"pend upon your consent to the earnest wish of my soul—it will plant a dagger in your breast, but," and she raised her head, her eyes sparkling, and with an uncommon energy of voice, "but you must promise, you must swear, to grant my request—I cannot, do not, hope for eternal mercy without your concurrence to my wishes."

"Speak," I cried, agitated and shocked at the vehemence of her voice and manner, "speak your wishes, my beloved Christina, and in the sight of Heaven I promise to comply with them. Alas! if I am to lose you by whatever means, all other events must prove indifferent to me whether good or evil."

"I am satisfied," said she, calmly, "I know you will not trifle or prevaricate when your word is given.—In that perfect conviction of your integrity, I must briefly tell you, that if my darling child Christina lives, I expect, I demand, *that she may embrace a conventual life.*—May her piety atone for the broken vows of her guilty parent!"

"My

"My surprise, my horror, was inexpressible. O, Christina," I exclaimed, "what a sacrifice do you exact! Consider, without a preference, without an avocation to a religious retirement, will *you* sacrifice *your* child — make her an unoffending victim to the barbarous policy of *your* mother? Did *she* not compel *you* to take vows repugnant to your heart, vows that the silent voice of nature revolted against? And will you doom an innocent being—"

"O, stop!" she cried, greatly agitated, "*I* seek her happiness, her everlasting salvation, 'tis *you* only that can interfere between her and perfect contentment; follow my plan and she will never experience the guilt and misery of her unhappy mother."

"I was silent, grief, regret, and a thousand painful emotions made me listen, incapable of reply, but my eyes must have expressed the terror of my soul, for she proceeded—

"Pardon, O, pardon, dearest of men, the unfortunate wretch who thus is compelled to afflict you; I deserve to suffer that just indignation I see darting from your eyes,

“but I cannot, I dare not, give up my
“wishes, nor release you from the promise I
“have exacted—*My child must be a Nun.*”

“If I live, which I do not expect or hope
“for, we will both retire to some religious
“house. Whenever my death takes place, if
“with you at the time, this is my solemn in-
“junction. Should you, as I think you ought
“to do, return to the world, resign your child
“at once to a Convent, and she will be se-
“cured from every temptation—the world,
“and its delusive pleasures, will be for ever
“unknown to her.

“But if you should be induced to remain
“in this solitude, and wish to retain her du-
“ring her childhood, I charge you to let Fa-
“ther St. Jerome superintend her education,
“to inspire her with a due sense of the divine
“mysteries of our holy religion, and from the
“first dawning of reason inculcate into her
“mind the duties of that profession for which
“she is designed.”

“Cruel Christina!” I exclaimed, “would
“you deprive me of every comfort? O, do
“not,

"not, do not persist in this unnatural design
"to render me and your poor child wretched."

"The sins of the fathers shall fall upon
"the children," returned she, "the piety of
"my child may atone for the guilt of her
"parent. If *she is a victim*, she will be in-
"nocent; she will have no regrets, no hopes,
"no knowledge of that world, which has de-
"luded her weak mother, and bows her with
"guilt and sorrow to the grave. But I feel
"my strength, my spirits, nearly exhausted—
"I did not believe they would have supported
"me so long. Do not interrupt but hear
"me, your promise is given in the sight of
"Heaven—"

"She again paused a short time, and pro-
ceeded — "'Tis much my wish that you
"should quit this solitary life and return to
"the world, unless religious considerations
"should operate on your mind, to expiate
"our mutual crime by living in retirement.
"—You are free, pursue your own views for
"happiness, but never forget the errors we
"have been betrayed into by a mad indul-

“gence of passion, nor cease to pray that the
“Almighty may forgive me.

“If you quit this Valley my child must be
“given to Father St. Jerome, and placed in a
“Convent.—If you reside here, Alexis must
“be sent away the moment that Christina is
“capable of any instruction; she must be
“kept from the sight of men, and early taught
“that she is designed for a nun.—*Here* she
“may reside with you until she is twenty years
“of age, or her own inclinations, or your’s,
“shall accelerate her entrance into the Con-
“vent. At twenty she must enter upon her
“novitiate, and at the expiration of the year
“she must take the veil.—If you religiously
“keep to your engagement, and observe my
“instructions, she can have no wishes beyond
“a conventual life, and will be always look-
“ing forward to it without pain or regret.

“Now, my still dearly beloved friend, my
“heart is before you; from you I expect that
“the last hours of my life may be passed in
“penitence, resignation, and hope.—You may
“smooth my passage to eternity, by a strict
“observance of my plan.—You may consign
“me

"me to horror, doubt, despair, and anguish
 "here and hereafter, if my child is brought up
 "a heretic, launched into the world, and ex-
 "posed to the temptations of vice,—the sub-
 "jection of the passions, and a life passed in
 "careless dissipation—perhaps guilt and shame.
 "O, remember, your word is given,—'tis en-
 "graven on my heart,—'tis registered above—
 "*Christina, if she lives, must be consecrated to*
 "*God,—must be a Nun,—as an expiation for*
 "*my sins!*"

"The poor unhappy parent of this devoted
 child, pronounced these last words in a tone
 that made me shudder.—I bowed on her hand,
 "You have sacrificed your child and its father,
 "they are *your* victims, and you shall be
 "obeyed."

"She drew my hand to her lips—"Forgive
 "me, Father! this is my last offence.—"Leave
 "me," said she, "and send my Confessor, for
 "I feel that my exertions are nearly at an end."

"I arose, and left the room more dead than
 alive; the grief that I had felt seemed to have
 congealed my blood!—horror and amazement
 had stagnated my feelings.

“ Leaving the room, the first object that crossed me was Alexis, with the little Christina smiling in his arms.—I started!—I caught my child from him; a flood of tenderness came over my heart, I sunk on a chair and burst into tears.—“ Ah!” cried the affectionate boy, “ my dear, dear master! I fear to ask—my blessed lady!”—De Bude entered that moment, and from our situation concluded that Christina had expired.—He took the child from me, and led me nearly senseless to my study.

“ When there, and by his soothing some-thing recovered, I repeated, as well as I then could, what had just passed between Christina and myself.—He was inexpressibly shocked.—“ Good God!” said he, “ is it possible, that Christina, the adoring wife, the affectionate mother, and liberal minded Christian should thus sacrifice to bigotry, her dearest connexions!—Has she not appeared to have renounced the errors of the Roman church? more than half a protestant, she abjured the bigotry that fettered the human will, and made so many miserable victims to superstition?—Can she, smarting under the evils of
“ compulsory

“compulsatory vows that destroyed *her* peace,
“can she thus consign her child to a living
“grave?”

“Alas! my friend,” I replied, “you see
“the effects of her conversations with Father
“St. Jerome. Yet I do not condemn him;
“unknowing of her real situation, he could
“not divine that he was pronouncing *her* con-
“demnation;—that he was destroying *my*
“happiness, when he spoke the sentiments
“dictated by his religion and conscience, in
“a case where *she* claimed the judgment of
“both.”

“Unhappy woman!” cried De Bude, “I
“pity and condemn her; but who shall pre-
“sume to argue against such pleas as she ad-
“duces, conscience, and her eternal salvation!
“My friend,” added he, embracing me, “the
“fair structure of love and harmony is de-
“stroyed.—You are an example of patient
“suffering—every link that bound you to the
“world is broken, but *one*—let that *one* con-
“sole you for every other that is lost.—Yes,
“let the most perfect friendship, the truest
“sympathy, unite our fates for ever. *I will*

I 5

“never

"*never forsake you*—whether in the world, or
"in retirement, behold me devoted to your
"wishes."

"O, friendship, thou balm and sweetener of life! how did the kindness of the generous De Bude meliorate the pangs that wrung my heart! *his* sympathy, his unequalled attentions, raised me from the depth of despair, and enabled me to converse with some degree of calmness on the unfortunate turn of my prospects; prospects raised by love and transient happiness, by the very object that now offered to me only sorrow and regret.

"We were joined by Father St. Jerome. The good man seemed deeply affected—he assured me, that he had never exerted any influence over the mind of Christina, that he had even declared against the predetermined destiny of her child, until she was of age to judge for herself—"But in vain," said he, "have been my arguments, she pleads conscience—her salvation, and declares she cannot die in peace, unless assured that the poor little ill-starred child, is devoted to the church. Do not condemn me," added he,

"I

"I have had no voice in the decided plan she has formed."

"I was affected by his earnestness, and well knowing his liberality of sentiment, I acquitted him of all intentional interference between me and happiness; tho' I had no doubt but his attendance on Alexis, and consequent introduction to our society, had first occasioned those painful retrospections in the mind of Christina, that ultimately occasioned all our sorrows."

"I have been prolix perhaps in the detail of this extraordinary change that was produced in her mind, and its consequences; but the destiny of my young Christina, so early fixed, required a proper elucidation of the events that preceded it."

"Near a week, contrary to all expectation, my unfortunate wife survived, during which her resolutions remained unalterable, and she confessed that if she could have acquired courage, in the early stage of her disturbed mind, to have unbosomed herself, the conflicts she endured might not have terminated so fatally."

"She

“She thanked me for every act of kindness, particularly *the last* which had made her peace with Heaven.” (Alas, what misguided zeal and confidence!) She blessed her child with an air of rapture—took an affectionate leave of De Bude—and holding the hand of Alexis, she besought the blessings of Heaven on his head.—Then turning to me with a piercing eye, she pronounced the word “*remember.*” I bowed my head, was carried from the room senseless, and soon after she expired—and with *her*, died every delusive dream of promised happiness in this life.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXIII.

" This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing people'd towns ;
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my distresses, and record my woes."

" **I** Can give no account of. any events
that took place in the course of three
months after the death of that darling object
who had engrossed every tender feeling of my
soul. A deep melancholy seized upon my
spirits.—In vain did my friend sympathize,
in vain seek to rouse me from that apathy
which pervaded every sense, but the too
painful recollection of my irreparable loss.
I fled from him to hide myself in the moun-
tains, where I passed whole days, regardless of
the weather ; forgetful of every object but
the

the dying Christina;—her last agonies were ever before my eyes.

“ De Bude and Alexis partook in my sorrows, and were equally assiduous in their endeavours to soften the severity of that blow, which threatened to destroy my peace for ever, by the hold it had taken in my heart.

“ What the consequences would have been I cannot say, had I not been suddenly roused from the contemplation of recent misery, by the severe illness of my unfortunate child; who had one morning, whilst I was as usual strolling over the mountains, been seized with convulsions, which the physician who was sent for declared to be the forerunner of the small pox.

“ When I returned at night, my friend, without speaking, seized my arm, and conducting me to the apartment where the poor child lay, languid and almost lifeless, “Behold,” said he, “the dear neglected object of a too
“tender affection!—You seem to have forgotten that you are a father, and the duties
“attached to the name.—Your child is ill;
“are your feelings frozen by the sharp air of
“the

“the mountains?—Ah! my dear Dunford, if
“your friends are no longer dear to you,—if
“you fly the society of those who love you,—
“let not a devouring grief, a stoical apathy,
“harden your heart against natural affection.
“This lovely child has double claims upon
“you,—see them in every lineament of her
“face.”

“These words, and the languid eye raised
up to mine, gave an instantaneous undescrib-
able rush of tenderness to my heart. I flung
myself on my knees, embraced the dear re-
semblance of her much-loved mother, and the
pressure of its little hand caused a violent flood
of tears, which held me for some time, and
were the first I had shed since the death of my
wife.

“The relief given to my bosom by this
effusion, can scarcely be conceived. Every
care was now swallowed up in my anxiety for
my child; I never quitted her room but at
the hour of rest, for eight days, at the ex-
piration of which the disorder turned happily,
and her recovery was surprisingly rapid.

“From

“ From that hour the intense acute sorrow I had indulged, mellowed into a soft and tender remembrance, that tho’ it fixed a serious cast upon my disposition for life, no longer rendered me ungrateful to the kind attentions of my friend; nor insensible to the engaging careffes of my little Christina, and the duties of a father.

“ The still monotonous way of life we persevered in for the three following years, admitted of neither variety nor incident. To cultivate the ground round my cottage, to instruct Alexis, and form his mind for his entrance into the world, were the chief employment of our days—reading and walking our only amusements.

“ Frequently De Bude would reason with me on my declared resolution to live and die in that solitude, so far removed from “the busy haunts of men.” “The destiny of your “poor Christina fixed, why not,” said he, “reign her education to the nuns with whom “she is destined to live?—You indulge yourself with the charms of her engaging society, “which will every day gain a stronger hold “upon

"upon your heart; and make it more difficult
"to bear the separation you must look forward
"to.

"Her mind expands rapidly, her understanding is beyond her age; have a care, my friend, that she does not acquire more knowledge than may hereafter be consistent with her peace.

"You waste the spring time of your life, (for you are yet a *very young man*) in indolence and in inactivity, that rusts every noble propensity of the soul, and renders all your good qualities useless.—Rouse, emerge from this dangerous supineness that stagnates the senses; travel, take a more comprehensive view of society and manners, you will find in this habitable globe no man that is exempt from sorrow,—few who have not met with disappointments in their dearest wishes, and thousands who struggle with afflictions more heart-wounding than your own."

"I permitted De Bude to exert all his eloquence, and heard every argument he adduced to carry his point, with attention and consideration. I promised to reflect, to consult

sult my reason as well as my feelings.—And without contradiction listened to his sentiments and advice for several following days.

“After mature deliberation on all his arguments in favour of my return to the world, and allowing them due weight to counterbalance my own inclinations, and the strong predilection I felt for retirement, one morning when the subject was renewed, I freely communicated to him the result of my meditations on the points he wished me to reflect and determine on.”

“Consider, my friend,” said I, “that I am a being without connexions, at least none that acknowledge or love me;—that I am a very fallible man, with strong passions—the indulgence of them, and my inexperience in the world, have led me into errors that have eventually destroyed my peace—caused the death of a dear ill-starred woman, and entailed upon her child a living grave.”

“The world has now no charms for me; almost a stranger to its allurements, I covet not those pleasures so desirable to others.”

“Again—

“Again thrown into society, how do I know
“but the same passions, so fatal in their termination, may once more be roused—may
“be productive of similar errors, and have
“consequences equally as deplorable.

“I wish to live to myself; I am no longer
“a melancholy miserable man, I have learnt
“to bear inevitable evils—I can suffer no
“more the pangs that have wrung my heart;
“and the society of my child, the expansion
“of *her* mind—”

“To what purpose,” cried De Bude, interrupting me, “what views can you have
“to elevate her understanding, to cultivate
“her natural talents, when the expansion of
“her mind, as you term it, must give her a
“knowledge of the world, an acquaintance
“with the manners and customs of society,
“that may tend to interrupt that system of
“self-denial and retirement to which she is
“unhappily doomed?”

“No,” replied I, “no, my friend, my instructions, the course of her reading, shall
“not clash with her religious duties.—The
“good Father St. Jerome will take care to
“supply

“ supply her with devotional books, the lives
“ of Saints, Martyrs, and Nuns.—I shall put
“ into her hands Ancient History, and Tra-
“ vels of former times.—You will allow that
“ Rollin’s Ancient History exhibits in general
“ a very lamentable picture of the wickedness
“ and depravity of those who were then called
“ heroes and conquerors.—The few bright ex-
“ amples will rather stimulate her to piety and
“ virtue, than inflame her mind.

“ Those, with the works of Fenelon, the
“ Lives of Plutarch, and the General History
“ of all Nations, will be sufficiently amusing,
“ and can never tend to give her any relish
“ for the bustle of the world. As to accom-
“ plishments, drawing, needle-work, and mu-
“ sic, will be resources not only for amuse-
“ ment here, but will not be at all incom-
“ patible with her religious duties hereafter.”

“ Well,” said De Bude, with a melancholy
air, “ since you have so firmly decided on re-
“ tirement, you have at the same time broken
“ the bands of friendship, and are determined
“ to drive from you two hearts to whom you
“ are inexpressibly dear.

“ You

“You must be sensible the time is come
“when it will be dangerous, and also con-
“trary to your promise, to permit Alexis to
“remain longer an inmate with Christina.—
“I confess he ought to go into the world,
“and I trusted that you would see the pro-
“priety of sending Christina to the Convent,
“and accompany me in the pleasing task of
“forming this young lad’s mind and manners
“—of rendering him a valuable addition to
“society, and enjoy the cultivation of his
“talents.—

“I am attached to him, my fortune shall
“be his, I shall never marry, I have adopted
“him, he shall be my heir. I am still a
“young man ’tis true, but I have met with
“some disappointments that have sobered, if
“I may be allowed the term, my temper,
“given a sombre cast to my disposition; and
“tho’ not a misanthrope, nor an enemy to so-
“ciety, I shall never engage in frivolous amuse-
“ments, nor follow those pursuits that may
“endanger my future peace or reputation.”

“How!” cried I, “do you mean to desert
“me? this is a blow I did not expect.—Yet
“why

“why should I wish to cloud your days with
“melancholy, to rusticate you in the bosom
“of the mountains? You have already sacri-
“ficed much to an unhappy man, and I blush
“at my own selfishness.”

“You neither do justice to yourself nor
“me,” answered he, calmly. “If circum-
“stances oblige us to separate, be assured that
“event will not be more painfully felt by
“you, than by the man who has professed,
“who feels himself your friend, in the most
“comprehensive sense of the word.—Yes, my
“dear Dunford, my esteem and affection for
“you has known no diminution; it glows in
“my bosom with a warmth equal to your own.
“You only *loosen* the bands that have united
“us, *break* them you cannot;—for in what-
“ever part of the world I may travel, *your*
“peace and health will engross my chief
“concern.”

“Deeply affected by his earnestness I
warmly embraced him. We entered again on
the subject, and as he observed, *for the last time*.
He convinced me that it was requisite to pre-
serve the mind of Christina from receiving im-
pressions

passions dangerous to her future peace, that she should be separated from Alexis, nay even from him; that she might have no ideas beyond such as her conversation with Father St. Jérôme and myself should furnish.

“To part with her and enter again into society, I found so entirely repugnant to my feelings, that not even the attachment of my friend could reconcile me to the world. I must confess also, another cause strengthened my resolution, tho’ perhaps not altogether a justifiable one to a liberal mind.

“I had loved Alexis, I was charmed with the candour and sweetness of his disposition, his integrity, and affectionate gratitude; I beheld his improvements with pleasure, I acknowledged him deserving of our utmost kindness, and the deep sorrow that long oppressed him for “the loss of his dear lady,” still more endeared him to us all—but the human heart has often strange contrarieties in its feelings.

“My passions, my prejudices were strong. Tho’ I really loved this good boy, yet he never entered my apartment, or I never met him abruptly

abruptly, but I shuddered ;—my thoughts instantly reverted to that accident, occasioned by an obstinate indulgence of a blameable curiosity, from whence I traced the date of all my miseries.—For had not my poor Christina met with Father St. Jerome, to confirm her doubts, and strengthen her terrors of guilt—the impressions on her mind during the agonies of child-birth might have gradually subsided. And therefore, tho' Alexis and the good man were acquitted of intentional injury to my peace, by reason and judgment ; yet my refractory heart felt the consequences too painfully, and always involuntarily shrunk at their first approach. Nor could time or reflection subdue those feelings, however unjust.

“ Under such impressions the departure of Alexis could not give me pain, tho' I was interested in his happiness.—But to leave my child, my beloved retirement,—to accompany a youth whose every look would speak a dagger to my heart—it was impossible !

“ Dearly as I loved De Bude, his society could not compensate for such a tax on my sensibility ;—and after many days and weeks
 deliberating

deliberating on the wishes and arguments of my friend, I found my repugnance to them unconquerable,—and submitted to be forsaken, to live an insulated being, as the lesser evil of the two.

“The day arrived when my heart was again to be lacerated, when I was to be separated, perhaps for ever, from the sincerest friend man was ever blest with. O, Christina!” I cried, apostrophizing the spirit of my departed wife, “O, Christina! what a sacrifice have you exacted—fatal promise! “cruel injunction! Can religion, lovely, humane, and reasonable, can the duties of *that* require the resignation of every blessing in life; the sacrifice of an innocent unoffending being, as an imaginary expiation for the sins of others? O, no, the spirit of religion is mild, just, and tender—human victims are not required, ’tis the heart only that is acceptable to Heaven. Why, why did I rashly engage a blind compliance to secret views? Why, by my unpardonable promptitude, doom my child to be the sufferer for my follies?”

“In short I was nearly distracted. — De Bude did not suffer less, but with more command of his passions, with a fortitude he struggled to exert, he sought to tranquilize my ungovernable feelings, and bid me hope we should meet again.

“Think not,” said he, “the world has
“any allurements that can weaken my affection for you. We may correspond thro’
“Father St. Jerome,—that consolation of
“mingling our souls upon paper, is still allowed to us; and whenever you think it
“proper to deprive yourself of an object, almost, from many circumstances, as dear to
“me as yourself, when you can relinquish the
“dear Christina to her intended guardians,
“then demand, call for my return — I will
“share your solitude, I will never forsake you,
“and until then, Heaven bless and preserve
“my friend!”

“He hastily flew from my sight—I fell on the neck of Alexis to conceal a gush of tears that relieved my bursting heart — the poor boy mingled his with mine, then dropped at my feet, implored blessings on me and his
darling

darling Christina, vowed eternal love and gratitude, and—followed his friend and benefactor.

“From that hour my little Christina was the sole object of my attention, and from whose engaging manners I drew every pleasurable moment of my life.

“The history of one day would be the history of ten years—an exact uniformity pervaded in my domestic arrangements, my occupations, and amusements. I heard monthly from my friend thro’ the medium of Father St. Jerome, who often visited us, and who I found a truly good man, and a sensible companion.

“De Bude and his young friend made the tour of Europe, and whilst he was in England kindly interested himself to obtain some information of my family.—Lord Dunford had two children, was then a widower—a dissipated man of fashion, little esteemed, less trusted, and only tolerated from his rank and connexions.

“My sister, Lady John Sedgmore, had been three years parted from her husband—her conduct in the highest degree reprehensible

for levity and unbounded extravagance. — No absolute criminal connexion could be proved, tho' generally believed, and therefore with a separate maintenance she contrived "to cut a dash," to be received into the politest circles, and apparently to spend four or five thousand a year, tho' her allowance did not exceed eight hundred.

"Thus the immense sums accumulated by usury, by every paltry and oppressive measure avarice and power could devise, were now dissipated; squandered by the worthless and unprincipled heirs to whom they were bequeathed, and served only to make their vices more conspicuous. — Such is generally the consequence of riches unworthily acquired, to be as shamefully expended.

"I had long ceased to feel any regard for relatives, who had so basely circumvented me in my grandfather's affections, therefore heard of their ill conduct with perfect indifference; but a second piece of intelligence from France afforded me some satisfaction.

"My friend at Paris waited on Madame Le Maitre. — In confidence he related to her
my

my unfortunate story, which very greatly affected her; she lamented my unhappy situation, but felt still more concern for the fate of my poor devoted Christina.—She very freely censured the superstitious sacrifice exacted by her unhappy parent;—but on this particular De Bude was delicately cautious of repeating her sentiments, as they availed nothing that could benefit my poor child—nor did he even reveal the place of my residence.

“Madame however assured him, retribution had overtaken the *ci-devant* Madame Blomberg, for her injustice and unnatural conduct. Murray, she said, had possessed himself of all her property, and quitted Paris with the cast mistress of an old financier;—leaving his wife so little for her support, that she was soon reduced to absolute poverty. And having no relatives, and but few who noticed her, her distresses had thrown her into a very dreadful state of health; and the last account she heard of her was, that she was taken to the Hospital De Dieu, with but very small hopes of her recovery.

K 2

“Murray

“Murray had not been heard of, but there was little doubt but his petite maitresse would soon dissipate his ill-gotten wealth.

“I confess I was not sorry to hear these two wretches had met with their deserved fate. Madame Le Maitre said, “if I had not fixed on a Convent for my child, she thought the one Christina, her mother, had been in at Paris, would be the most eligible; where she had been tenderly beloved, and her once favourite mother, (the Nun St. Agnes,) was now the Abbess. And should she, Madame, live to see her there, every kindness that would be permitted, should contribute to soften her destiny.”

“I was so highly gratified by these attentions, that I wrote to Madame Le Maitre, and declared my willingness to place Christina in that preferable Convent at the age of twenty, if not before—the time depending wholly on herself.

“From that period, till nearly two years since, I enjoyed as much tranquillity as a keen remembrance of past sorrows, and looking forward to an eternal separation from my darling

ling companion, would admit of.—But fate had yet another stroke impending, and a letter I received from Alexis, (who had some years before taken the name of De Bude, by the desire of his more than father,) gave a fresh wound to my heart, so deep as never to be healed,—as it destroyed the only hope I had delusively cherished,—of support, when my child should be torn from me.

“ With the most heart felt grief he acquainted me, that he had lost his father, friend and benefactor ! and myself the truest friend and the most valuable man Heaven had ever created,—for he was, as far as human nature could be, a faultless being—upright, sincere, beneficent, and guiltless.

“ At this moment the big drops fall on my cheek.—Oh ! De Bude ! my blessed friend ! may we recognize each other in the realms above !—for our hearts were united, tho’ I was ever greatly thy inferior both in goodness and talents !

“ This dear friend whose name I seldom pronounce, for the sake of my child, died at Bath, in England, where he had gone a second

tour through that kingdom, of a rapid decline, occasioned by a defluxion on his lungs. His last words were to implore Blessings on me and Alexis, whom he charged to take his place, as my comforter and companion, whenever Christina took the veil.

“The worthy young man assured me, *that command* should be religiously observed;—that he intended returning to Switzerland and should reside at Altdorf, that he might be near to hear of my welfare.

“All the philosophy I had been so long solicitous to acquire, was insufficient to support me under this second misfortune; and for some months I struggled with an insupportable grief.—The lenient hand of time, the affectionate attentions of my child, and the frequent letters of Alexis, at length mitigated the excess of my sorrow, which I knew to be selfish and sinful. By degrees, however, I resumed to appearance, my accustomed cheerfulness, so necessary to make our solitary life pleasant to Christina.

“About twelve months ago, Alexis had an invitation from a very worthy gentleman, to
accompany

accompany him in a tour thro' Europe, intending to be about two years absent. This offer I compelled him to accept, as it would be nearly that period before Christina left me ; and I was far from intending that he should sacrifice himself to reside with me, as I had other views.—But I avoided any altercation on the subject at that time.

“ I hear often from him, and have every reason to believe, his heart continues unadulterated amidst the great world ; and that unexpected good fortune has not corrupted his principles.

“ I should have mentioned that the good Fuzili's left me three years ago, desirous to wind up the close of life with their son,—but not until I had a very worthy woman with me, and the little girl you have seen. The woman however lost a married daughter about six months ago, and left us to look after the orphan children ;—since when my Christina has declined having any other.

“ Here, continued the narrator, concludes my eventful story, to the hour when providence conducted me to the spot where you lay

abandoned to despair.—No event had happened to interrupt the uniformity of our lives.—Alas ! if humanity has any claims, if the duties we owe to our fellow creatures, may be allowed to plead for my want of prudence and foresight, surely I may stand acquitted in the sight of Heaven ;—and my unfortunate child will not have her peace, that peace I have for so many years laboured to preserve, now broken in upon by a fatal prepossession that she has been so heedlessly exposed to.—I tremble at the supposition. I repent not of my kindness to an unfortunate man; but blind and thoughtless, good God ! how could I introduce to my child, unacquainted with your sex, a person so prepossessing, of manners so engaging ?—O ! my Christina, forgive your imprudent father, and may Heaven avert the evil I dread.

“ Yes, Manners, the observations I made in one unguarded hour, let me into the secret of *your* heart. I saw my error, I was shocked at my folly—my astonishing inconsistency, in permitting you to remain days with my child, who was new to an object so fascinating.

“ To

“ To remedy the evil if possible, I repeated to her your story, with proper comments. I observed that you had acted ungenerously and inhospitably ; imprudent after marriage, and every way reprehensible in your pursuit of revenge.—I took occasion from the conduct of the Major and yourself, to adduce arguments that proved the baseness of mankind, and the corruption of the world ;—and concluded by telling her, I should hasten you away among your *fellow savages*.

“ Accustomed to abide by my judgment she shrunk from the picture I had drawn, and readily join'd in an opinion, that there was a necessity for your departure.

“ I hoped her mind was fortified against any soft impression ; and having, I confess, felt something like affection gaining upon my heart in your favour, I could not reconcile to myself, the sending you away abruptly and inhospitably, master of *your* secret, without communicating mine.—I therefore set myself to copy a manuscript I had written for the information of my daughter. I have been up two whole nights to finish it. This copy is
before

before you, and I now expect from your justice and liberality of sentiment, that you will acquit me equally of unkindness or capriciousness.

“ If I appeared to hasten your departure abruptly, I will candidly acknowledge, that I much feared my representations of your faults to Christina, had not all the effect I had been solicitous to produce; your person, the elegance and softness of your manners, but ill accorded with the picture I had drawn.—I saw also, that your too susceptible heart was in the hazard of feeling a second time those dangerous impressions that had before now proved inimical to your peace and happiness.

“ Those observations determined me to wave all delicacy, and urge your departure, A declaration I did not expect, most severely pained me, and shewed me, in the most glaring colours, the error I had committed—I was obliged to be explicit—from my soul I pitied *you*—I felt a thousand terrors for my Christina’s sensibility.—Heaven will I hope fortify *her* mind.

“ You,

"You, from the claims your country, connexions, and society have upon every man who holds a stake in it, — *you*, must exert the talents nature has given to you, the fortitude which becomes a christian and a reasonable being, to struggle against that weak susceptibility which fascinates the senses, and too generally leads to misery, regret, and sorrow.

"The age and infirmities of Father St. Jerome have for the last year precluded him from visiting us, but a peasant boy, as you know, executes all his commissions, and supplies my wants. In six months I must leave my beloved solitude, and conduct my child to Paris, 'tis her wish to be placed in the Convent where her mother was educated, and I must comply.

"What then will become of the unfortunate man who writes to you I know not. I will not *enclose myself* for life—sometimes to behold my child is the only ray of comfort that dawns upon me—the death of my true and much loved friend, has annihilated all prospect of felicity from that source, which I
had

had been accustomed for many years to lean upon, as a sympathising relief, when my child should be torn from me.

“O, Manners! behold in my story the fatal consequences of passions indulged against reason—the errors of inexperience—the sad effects attendant on the susceptibility of youth, when not under the dominion of prudence and discretion.

“An early victim to the selfish duplicity of my family, deprived of the excellent man who would have formed my mind, and regulated my actions, I fell into the snares spread for my destruction; and involved in error and wretchedness a most amiable woman, who, but for my mad passion, would have been resigned to the fate she was condemned to by a wicked worthless parent.

“The death of my ever dear, ever lamented Christina, and the cruel fate to which she doomed her innocent child, all, all press upon my heart, and the voice of conscience tells me they originate from *my passions*; yet, my young friend, I have struggled against my sorrows, I have laboured to obtain fortitude and

and resignation—I have humbled myself to the Divine Being who is the searcher of hearts—and I humbly trust that the power which has preserved me from despair and death, who has strengthened my mind to support the heaviest calamities, and the severest afflictions a husband, a father, and a friend can sustain, will accept of my repentance, and permit patient sufferance to expiate all my errors.

Adieu, my young friend, I see traits of goodness, of generosity and frankness in your disposition, that will, I hope, counteract the impetuosity and susceptibility of your passions.—May your early misfortunes prove a lesson of wisdom; and let the narrative now before you, serve as a pharos, to warn you from the imprudent indulgence of every propensity that will not stand the test of prudence and virtue.

“Once more adieu.—Thro’ Father St. Jerome you will hear of, and from me, also from the superior of his Convent, who I forgot to tell you is an aunt to Christina, a sister to her late unfortunate mother, raised to that
dignity

dignity about three years since, and only since then acquainted with the fate of her sister.

“That her niece is to be a Nun has abated of her condemnation, as the poor culprit no longer exists. I have never been admitted to see her, nor did I wish it.—She has not objected to the preference given by her niece to another Convent, fearful, I suppose, that enquiries might be made of her family, not easily to be eluded by the insatiate curiosity of the sisterhood—Christina will however correspond with her; and when my destiny is fixed you shall hear from me. Alas! you now behold the agitated heart of that frail man who struggles to acquire a dominion over his feelings, and act as becomes a reasonable and resigned being, with mild cheerfulness, and a patient hope of peace and happiness in a better world!

“JAMES DUNFORD.”

CHAP.

C H A P. XXIV.

' The human race are sons of sorrow born;
 And each must have his portion. Vulgar minds
 Refuse, or crouch beneath their load; the brave
 Bear this without repining."

MANNERS having finished, closed the manuscript, in the reading of which he had experienced every painful emotion of the soul that a man is capable of feeling.—We would not interrupt the story with the sudden breaks, the agitated pauses and exclamations that frequently affected him in the perusal. He had set up the whole night to get thro' it, forgetful of the hours, and insensible to the fatigues of his journey.—Plunged into a deep reverie, he was found by his faithful William leaning back in his chair, pale, spiritless, and a deep melancholy pervading every feature.

William

William looked round, he saw the bed had not been occupied, and greatly alarmed he exclaimed "Ah! my dear master, do not thus indulge grief and despair—the object so worthless, surely—" "What do you say?" cried Manners, starting, "the object so worthless—do not blaspheme the most amiable of her sex; another such word and I shall hate you.—O, she is the most lovely, the most perfect of human beings, and I am the most wretched of mankind!"

William was thunderstruck — What! his late abandoned unprincipled mistress "the most perfect of human beings."—Surely his master was deranged, his afflictions and fatigue had hurt his intellects. The poor fellow approached the table with a respectful anxiety that caught the eye of Manners, then first recollecting his situation.

"William," said he, in a faint but affectionate voice, "I believe you think me mad; alas, no, my senses, my memory, is but too perfect; misfortunes have destroyed my happiness, but have left me the full possession of my

my intellects to know the extent of my misery."

If the servant was touched by the melancholy tone in which those few words were uttered, yet he was relieved from the dreadful idea of derangement, and respectfully told him the breakfast waited his orders. "Let it be brought here," returned Manners, "and do you go to the Post-House; I may expect only additional aggravated griefs, but from henceforth they can wound no more; this day has closed my accounts with all possible happiness, and every future event in my life, from this hour, will cease to interest my feelings, or add to my miseries—go therefore, I am prepared to hear tales of horror with perfect apathy."

William bowed, and withdrew in silence and wonder.—"This day had closed all accounts with happiness," why this day, but just begun, no event having happened to renew his griefs?—Why had he passed the night without going to bed, when, on their journey, every preceding one, he had retired to rest as usual? those questions naturally rising to his mind,

mind, were puzzling and unanswered.—The more he reflected, the more he was at a loss to elucidate the cause which had operated so violently on the mind of his master as to occasion such conduct, and sentiments so little expected.

At the Post-House he found three letters, and knew they must come from Mrs Cavendish, his master's aunt, and were the first letters, within his knowledge, that had been written since the unhappy events that had driven him from his country.

Not doubting but the contents must renew and encrease the sorrows which seemed so heavy on his heart, it was with infinite reluctance he delivered them when he lingeringly returned.

Manners took them without any visible emotion, and broke the seal of one whilst William was clearing the breakfast table.—“Just God!” he exclaimed, “is it possible! alive, well, and repentant!—vain, vain repentance,—will it wash away my injuries? will it restore lost virtue, or raise the dead?”

He

He caught up another letter, looked at the address, and threw it on the table—"My soul sickens at it," he cried—"Wretch! thy presumption is equal to thy guilt! Stop William," added he, seeing the servant about to withdraw, "stop, and hear that the villain, the Major, that detested monster, is not dead—he is recovered, he even writes to me; the arch-fiend, who has broken every band that unites society, dares write to *me* whom he has wronged beyond all possibility of redress."

"Tho' wonderfully surprised," answered William, "yet I bless God, Sir, that the wicked man *is not* dead. You have grieved to have the blood of a fellow creature on your hands; thank God *that* will no more disturb you—his own conscience will punish him. I would not have on mine the crimes he has to disturb his, no, not for a thousand worlds.—O, Sir, rejoice your mind is made easy;—let him live and suffer."

"True," said Manners, deeply sighing, "to *live is to suffer*!—Wretch that he is, I cannot wish him a heavier punishment."

William

William quitted the room with a light heart, for he was convinced, that however affected his master might be, by the contents of these letters, yet, that he would have a painful regret removed from his mind ; for he had very frequently said, " tho' the vile Major deserved a thousand deaths, he was sorry to have pushed his vengeance so far, with all his sins upon his head, thereby destroying more than life—a possibility of making his peace with Heaven."

Indeed such had frequently been the sentiments of Manners in the cool hours of reflection. But at this time, when his heart was lacerated by recent sorrows, equally as irremediable as those he had formerly smothered under; when memory traced the source of all his griefs to the baseness of a deceitful wretch once so dear to him ;—even religion and charity were insufficient to subdue the horror and resentment that rose to his mind, when he read the first lines written by his aunt.

The simple observations of William had perhaps a much greater effect than a volume of arguments ; for at that moment he felt life

a burthen he would rejoice to be freed from by any natural means. He was therefore conscious, that if a sense of guilt, of the vilest duplicity, was added to sorrow for an irreparable loss, the Major must, under such an accumulation of painful reflections, feel existence the severest of all punishments.

The tumults of his mind a little subsided, he again took up the letter which in the moment of agitation he had thrown from him. Mrs. Cavendish bid him rejoice, that the wounds of his false friend did not prove mortal; that he was not an exile from his country, nor had the regret of destroying the life of a man not fit to die.

She related several particulars that occurred during the balance of life and death; and the deep sorrow and repentance he manifested during his convalescence.

On his recovery he wrote to her in a style that denoted self-conviction of his enormous crimes, and the impossibility of making any atonement for them. He requested to be permitted to claim the child, and be at the sole expence of its support.

This

This request, Mrs. Cavendish added, she made no difficulty in according to; as, tho' the dear little creature was innocent and engaging, being incapable of distinguishing who were her parents, and sensible that her nephew never could behold her without pain, she had, without consulting him, resigned her to the care of the Major.

She conjured Manners to return to England, no obstacle now remaining to prevent that attention to his affairs, which had been thrown into some confusion by former extravagancies. And she was well assured, that the misfortune he deplored was unknown to the world, the Major having kept his own secret from every one but his mother; and the absence of Manners accounted for, as a tour to divert the grief he was naturally supposed to feel for a recent loss.

When Manners had perused this letter, he summoned resolution to read the one written by his quondam friend; which seemed to be dictated by a truly penitent mind, and contained an ample confession of his baseness, the sad effects of which, he said, would embitter

bitter every hour of his future life; and if that life was of any value in his eyes, it was simply that his much injured friend might not regret the vengeance he had taken, and that it afforded *him* time to repent of his baseness, perfidy and ingratitude.

These letters did not afford to Manners that consolation which his good aunt expected they would convey. The errors and loss of his faithless wife, indeed, no longer agitated his bosom; he could look back and retrace many follies, levities, and indiscretions in her whole conduct, from the first of their acquaintance; he saw it was the indiscreet impetuous passion of youth that had blinded and misled him, and that in the warmest hours of affection, his heart had never experienced for her, that rational, that dignified passion which he felt for Christina.

His senses only were deluded by Maria—'twas the fascination of beauty that laid hold of an inexperienced young man, new to the world, and without a friendly or parental monitor to guide his inclinations. But the short time he had passed with Hervey, in the

most instructive and improving conversation, had expanded his mind—had taught him a knowledge of himself, and enabled him to reason, to reflect on his early indiscretions, and to be eager in acquiring that maturity of wisdom which might in future regulate his conduct, and guard him against the delusions of the artful and profligate part of mankind.

Desirous to obtain the esteem of Hervey, he received every lesson with satisfaction, and was solicitous to imprint them on his heart; and a still stronger motive, then unknown to himself, had stimulated him to profit by the advice and sensible remonstrances of a man who daily engaged his respect and reverence.

Poor Manners had unhappily imbibed more lessons than his friend had taught him, and his acquirements had an effect never intended to be produced by his preceptor.—The expansion of his mind, enabled him to appreciate and admire the solid accomplishments of Christina; her unassuming virtues, her goodness of heart, and a disposition so amiable, that of itself, divested of all other attractions, must engage the esteem and affection

tion of every one, who like him, had opportunities of observing it was the result of principle, the natural impulse of an affectionate and unadulterated heart.

A passion that stole gently and unsuspectingly into his bosom, was rooted there before he was aware of the dangerous guest that had intruded; and the consequences of Hervey's penetration, were known too late to eradicate an impression so lively, and so indelibly fixed.

The manuscript that contained the memoir of Hervey, (the name he chose to be distinguished by,) had consigned him to despair.—Christina was devoted to a monastic life!—Every hope was annihilated, every prospect of future peace clouded for ever; and henceforth every circumstance, all events attached to himself and his fortune, must cease to interest his regards, and fail to communicate pleasure or pain—he could feel, he could hope no more!

After the first emotions, the letters he had read ceased to agitate his spirits.—To his aunt he could entrust the management of his pecuniary affairs.—The child, whose innocence,

and, hereafter, unpleasant situation, had engaged his compassion, was now provided for—its guilty, but repentant father he consigned to the punishment of a self-upbraiding conscience. But to return to England, where he was but little known, except in a dissipated circle, he now despised to enter into the world with a heart lacerated by hopeless love, a mind jaundiced by suspicion of every profession of regard, every ostensible civility—no, he could not do it.

The country, the town, or its vicinity, that held his adored Christina, was *his* country, must be *his* residence in future; and the distant hope, that he might be allowed to share the griefs of Hervey, to reside in the retirement he might select for himself, near his devoted child, was the only prospect of comfort, that was in the chapter of possibilities, to tranquilize his mind.

Such being the conclusions he drew from a view of the past, present, and future, he delayed not to answer the two letters he had received from his aunt; the second, which we have not noticed, being simply a recapitulation of
of

the first, with anxious fears lest the perturbations of his mind should have affected his health, as her former letter remained unanswered. This last had only arrived at Lucern the preceding day.

It is not necessary to relate the substance of his answers to these letters.—He avoided entering into any particular detail of the events that had detained him on the road; and excused himself from returning to England for some time. He requested Mrs. Cavendish's interference respecting the deranged state of his affairs, which were not of that magnitude as might be supposed.—All his ready money was indeed gone, and one estate mortgaged, but the sale of an estate in Kent would redeem the other; and his fortune would still amply supply all his wants, and even exceed his utmost wishes.

He requested she would employ a solicitor, and sent her unlimited authority to act for him agreeable to her own judgment. The Major's letter he did not, he could not reply to;—but he desired his aunt to say for him,

L 3

that

that “he wish’d him health to amend his life, and to acquire better principles.”

This task of writing performed, he began to consider what route he should take; or whether he should remain some time at Lucern, the scene of poor Hervey’s misfortunes.—He locked up the precious, tho’ fatal manuscript, that had pronounced his future misery; and in a state of langour, indifferent to where he directed his steps, he began a tour thro’ the city.

He beheld the Convent where Christina’s mother had been first confined;—he stopt, a thousand painful retrospections crowded on his mind.—He execrated the unnatural Madame Blömberg, his indignation rose against the detested Murray.—So great were his agitations, that he attracted the notice of several persons passing by, tho’ he did not observe *them*, until an elderly woman in a compassionate tone cried loud enough to rouse him from his reverie,—“Ah! poor young man, I dare say he has lost his sweetheart.—Some pretty creature is shut up there to be made a nun of.—Aye, the rich sacrifice all their children but one or two, to make them grand.—We, poor folks, must

must keep our's to be slaves to the great, whether we have bread to give them or not."

This remark attracted the regard of Manners—"Is that *your case*, my good mother? have you a family for whom you find it difficult to get bread?" "Indeed I have," said she, "but tho' I had laboured ever so hard for their support, I am sure I never should have the heart to enclose one of them for life, within them high walls."

Here is a *mother*, thought Manners, with feelings that do honour to human nature; a heart not hardened by poverty, tho' sensible to its rigours.

"Stop, my good woman," said he, "tho' a stranger, I may possibly assist you.—Where do you live?" "Not very near at hand," replied she, "and mine is but a poor hut, not fit to receive gentlemen strangers; nor tho' poor do I want to beg.—God has given me health and strength, and except my two young grand-children, every one of my family is able to help towards his support,—so I thank you, Sir.—But if you be charitable, there are many, very many, that want it more than me—

many that are sick, and who have seen better days."

Manners, struck by the honesty, humility, and candour of this poor woman, eagerly exclaimed, "*Many may want relief more*, but none can *deserve* acts of kindness *better* than yourself.—I will go home with you; perhaps you know some such person as you speak of."

"Ah! that I do indeed," returned she, "and since you will humble yourself to go with me, perhaps God hath sent you to the relief of a dear lady who is in sickness and poverty."

"Well then, shew the way," said he hastily, and walked on by the side of the poor woman, regardless of who observed him. They entered a back street, on the skirts of the city, and proceeded till they came to a small row of cottages, situate about half a mile from the town, and at the foot of a mountain, at one of which his guide stopt.—He had followed her in silence, and without suspicion.

"The Holy Virgin bless you, Sir," said she, "I am sure you are a good gentleman to have so much patience, and walk so far.—This, Sir, is the hut which contains the sick lady I spake of;

of; the next is my own." "If you please then," replied Manners, "I will first go into your's."

She passed and entered the next cottage—two children ran to meet her, but abashed by the sight of a stranger, they retired to the side of a young woman who was spinning, and by a book open on a stool near her, seemed to have been teaching them to read.

She rose, apparently surprised, on their entrance.—"Francisca," said the elderly woman, "this is a gentleman, I don't know his country, but that signifies little, if he means to do good, as I hope he will, to poor Madame."

Francisca offered him a seat with a look of complacency; and whilst his conductress was distributing biscuits to the children, he took a survey of the whole group and the apartment.

Francisca seemed to be five or six and twenty, an agreeable, well formed young woman, perfectly clean in her attire, and an air of content and good nature diffused over her countenance.—She had quietly returned to her work the moment he was seated. The children were pretty, healthy looking, and

with neat, tho' coarse apparel, did credit to their industrious mother.

Nothing could add to the exact neatness of the room, which looked into a small garden that rose slopingly up the mountain, and being well cultivated had a very pretty effect.

"You see, Sir," said the grandmother, "I told you the simple truth,—tho' poor, we are healthy, and not destitute. I lost my husband some years ago, it was God's will, and my duty to submit.—My eldest child you see there, the mother of these young ones; she married an honest industrious man, he manages a small farm that gives us bread; my eldest boy works with him, another lives with a neighbouring farmer.—I have one girl who is in a good service, a young one, who now attends the sick lady.

"When their father died I worked hard for them all, now they can help themselves, and I can yet add to the general stock. Whilst my daughter there spins, I take care of the household business, and also spin in the evenings, when my little ones are in bed. I carry our work to market, buy necessaries for the family,
make

make and mend their cloaths; thank God my eye sight is good, tho' I am near sixty, and I hope he will spare me health while I live, that I may not burthen my family by sickness."

"O, mother," cried Francisca, "what is it you say? can a good mother ever be a burthen to her children? Did not you support us when *we were helpless*, can we do more than our duty to comfort and attend you, when *age and infirmities fall upon you!*"

Tears of affection stood trembling in the eyes of this duteous young woman, whilst sympathy and maternal tenderness called the pellucid drops down the cheeks of her mother. Brushing them off with her apron, she turned again to Manners, who was not an unconcerned spectator of this scene—"Pardon us, Sir, we had forgot ourselves before you, and to say truth, 'tis foolish enough to cry, when one is so well pleased."

"Do not apologize," cried Manners, "I have seldom experienced a more pleasurable sensation than I feel now—I trust we shall know each other better by and by; but suppose,

pose, if your neighbour is ill, that you go to her, and ask leave for me to visit her."

"That's the very thing," said Mrs. Morelli, for so was the good woman called, "for tho' she is as humble as patience, yet she is a gentlewoman, and looks grand; and being reduced, poor lady, we always behave with much respect to her *for that very reason.*"

Good Heaven! exclaimed Manners, mentally, here are the untaught children of nature, whose hearts unadulterated by refinements, strangers to the illiberal selfish passions that govern a narrow minded world—speak the language of sensibility, and a spontaneous politeness, that might shame the more enlightened polished members of society. Alas! how seldom in the great world shall we hear the simple, yet dignified sentiment of a feeling heart, as uttered by this poor woman, "*being reduced, poor lady, we always treat her with great respect for that very reason.*"

Good creature! pity a heart like thine should ever feel "the proud man's contumely." Heaven has given thee *content*—a blessing seldom known to the rich and powerful; whose
stores

stores of wealth create new wants,—and whose to-day is ever clouded and restless in search of means to procure that happiness for to-morrow. That *to-morrow* never comes ;—happiness flies the selfish heart, shuns the giddy dissipated crowd, and seeks the humble cottager, whose daily labour earns his daily bread ;—whose toil is sweetened by procuring food for his little family,—and whose industrious exertions lay him in the bed of rest—where refreshing sleep enables him to rise vigorous and sprightly to his daily occupations.

Lost in these reflections, Manners had forgotten his situation, till raising his eyes he met those of Francisca, who observing his serious fixed look, had viewed him with concern.

“ Recovering himself, he said, “ You teach your little folks to read, I suppose ?” “ Yes, Sir,” she replied, “ now I do, but when the lady next door is in tolerable health, she has the goodness to take that trouble upon her.” “ How long has she lived near you ?” “ Three years and better ;—our Priest bought the cottage for her, and she has made it a little palace inside, but would not have any thing done

done to the outside.—She sees none of the neighbours, except ourselves; the good Priest who used to visit her died some months ago, and she has never held up her head since.”

“Your mother,” said Manners, “seemed to hint, that she was distressed in her circumstances.” “I fear, Sir, that is too true.—Whilst Father Benedict lived, she did not appear to want money; he died suddenly, and things were then altered.—My mother has sold some trinkets for her, she has got a few things and some plate left, but it makes our hearts bleed to think she must sell these things for her support; because they must have an end, and what will she do then?—Every thing we can do she may command, to our last morsel; but the dear lady has not been used to such fare as our’s, tho’ she lives very plain indeed for a gentlewoman.”

The return of Mrs. Morelli ended their conversation.—“Well,” cried Manners, “will the lady admit me?”—“Dear heart,” said the good woman, “I have had much to do to prevail on Madame to see a gentleman stranger. She was so flurried, and asked so many questions,
and

and then because I could not answer, she said, “no, she could not, she would not see any man ;—she should not live long,—she wanted nothing.”—And then she said some prayer or speech that I did not understand,—and then cried so, that it made my heart ach.”

“I then begged, and begged for God’s sake, that she would see you.—I told her what a sweet spoken gentleman you were, only that I believed by your looks you were in some great trouble too ; and I told how you looked at the Convent.—This by good luck did the business.”

“In trouble,” said she, with a terrible sigh, “well then, if he is in trouble, the son of sorrow, bring him here ;—here, where he will see a fellow mourner.”

“So, Sir, when she said that, away I came, for fear she might change her mind again ; and Lord bless me, I am sure she wants comfort sadly ; and so, if you please, Sir, I’ll take you in.”—Manners rose with alacrity, and followed her.

On

On entering the cottage, a decent young girl opened the door of an apartment, and desired he would walk in. At the upper end, on a very small sofa, lay reclined, a genteel looking woman, in mourning, pale, thin, and extremely feeble; who, in attempting to rise in return to his compliment, sunk back.—“Your pardon, Sir,” said she, in French, “my strength will not second my inclinations.” The tones of a soft musical voice vibrated to the heart of Manners.

“’Tis I, Madam, that should apologize for intrusion,” he replied, “but I flatter myself, you will believe, that no unworthy motive, no impertinent curiosity, propelled me to make this visit.”

“Your appearance, Sir, bespeaks the gentleman; but the exterior, alas! is but too often deceptive.—There is nothing, however, in my situation, to excite curiosity; nor do I know of any evils that can now assail me in any shape, that should make me apprehensive of farther distress.”

Whilst she spake Manners had taken a survey of her person, which seemed to be elegantly

gantly formed—her face had the remains of beauty, that appeared more faded by grief and sickness, than decayed by age, for he concluded she was not more than forty, if so much.

“If to know the worst, is some degree of ease,” replied Manners, “I also may derive comfort from knowing, that fate cannot wound *me* deeper than it has done.”

“Indeed!” exclaimed the lady, raising herself with a look of surprise, “are *you* such an early proficient in the school of adversity? Yet why should I question it, when my own sorrows began at a much earlier period!—But *you are a man*, your sex have not the keen sensibilities of the female mind.—Pride, passion, and disappointment, wound for a time the proud heart of man; but how soon does dissipation, ambition, new objects, and new pleasures, allay temporary affliction, in your bosoms, and produce new hopes, and new desires—whilst an unfortunate, too susceptible young woman, is left a prey to remediless sorrow, to unavailing regrets, perhaps to eternal remorse! Ah! Sir, you are young, and of a sex that
can

can rise above such calamities, as sink us, too often, victims to an early grave."

Her voice, look, and manner, were inexpressibly touching, Manners felt already the tenderest interest in her sorrows—"There may be, and doubtless are," returned he, "many such worthless beings as you describe, men light, frivolous, and unfeeling; but you have too much candour I hope to condemn without discrimination."

"I am young, and but little experienced in a knowledge of the world, yet I have suffered from the baseness of mankind, from a weak credulity, and the indulgence of my passions.—But I have also since profited by the lessons of wisdom and experience—and at this moment, condemned to hopeless sorrow, I can venerate the hand that has dealt the deadly blow, and tho' wounded beyond a possibility of cure, dare not accuse the man, who has unwillingly been the instrument of fate to make me wretched."

"Then, Sir," said she, "if your recent afflictions, which obliterated the remembrance of former ones, have been inflicted by the
hand

hand of providence—if there exists a being you venerate, a man whom your reason approves, I pronounce you comparatively happy to the unfortunate wretch who suffers by her own folly and indiscretion—who has wounded the maternal bosom, has forsaken her friends, her country, and the respect due to herself, for an ingrate, for a base worthless object, despised by her reason, condemned by her heart.—Yes, I pronounce the severest of all evils is to know your miseries arise from a person you once loved, and who has proved to be a deceptive wretch, lost to honour, to virtue, and even to the feelings of humanity.”

“And all this accumulated misery *I have felt*,” replied Manners, “but I regret indeed, that, as your words seem to imply, that *you* should have known trials so severe.” “Ah, Sir,” said she, sighing, “nor sex, nor age are exempt from suffering, if they once permit the passions to out-step the bounds of prudence.—But will you allow me to offer you some coffee, I have no other refreshment.”

“Nor do I need any other,” returned he, “that I shall accept with pleasure.” The young

young girl had directions given to her, and she for the first time withdrew, having hitherto, by order of the lady, remained at the further end of the apartment.

When their repast was over, during which only a desultory sort of conversation passed, supported in a very languid manner by the lady, who was evidently extremely weak,—Manners addressed her, with an air of respect and feeling—

“A lady of your appearance, Madam, and in a state of health that demands every attention and accommodation, accidentally residing among cottagers, so little capable of appreciating your merits, or of contributing to the restoration of your health, must certainly feel herself most uncomfortably situated.—Whether your residence here, Madam, proceeds from choice or from accidental circumstances, I presume not to enquire, but *here* you cannot have that proper advice so requisite to your weakened frame.”

“If you mean medical advice,” said she, interrupting him, “I must assure you that I can derive no benefit from medicine; I have

no

no bodily complaints but weakness, *that* proceeds from mental causes, beyond cure, beyond hope of relief—therefore, Sir, tho' I thank you for your solicitude, neither change of place, or medicinal assistance are likely to heal a mind diseased, unless it was a lethean draught to drown reflection, and overflow the sources of memory."

"You inspire me with so much respect, Madam," returned he, "that I feel reluctant to obtrude any offers of service; at the same time that I confess if you will condescend to accept them, in any shape whatever, you will give me unspeakable pleasure. I am unconnected with the world, I seek not, wish not, for what is called the advantages of society, an indiscriminate acquaintance with mankind. My views of earthly felicity are obscured for ever—I have a handsome independent fortune useless to myself, for my wants will not exceed a third of it, nor have I one relative to whom it can be acceptable."

The unfortunate lady burst into a flood of tears.—"Forgive me," pursued he, "if I have incautiously distressed you—I wandered
out

out this morning most truly wretched, I fought to lose myself; the good woman has informed you of our accidental encounter, brought on by her sympathising apostrophe to my dejected countenance—Ah! Madam, if you will soften the rigours of my destiny, if you will condescend to accept from me whatever services, my exertions or fortune can procure, that may tend towards alleviating your misfortunes, you will confer on me an inexpressible obligation;—you may render life valuable to me if it can communicate any degree of comfort to you.” He spake the last words with an energy that denoted feeling and sincerity.

“Tho’ my confidence in your sex has been betrayed,” answered she, with a grateful bow, “my heart is not so narrowed, and chilled by suspicion, as to render me insensible to your proferred kindness.—Believe me, Sir, I know well how to appreciate your uncommon benevolence towards a stranger, whose appearance under such circumstances might raise unfavourable conjectures in a less liberal mind;—but indeed,” added she, sighing, “the frowns
of

of adversity I believe generally produce the feelings of humanity, and sympathy attaches the unfortunate to each other."

"Since you allow that, Madam," returned he, "my claims to your confidence, will not admit of dispute. I know not, 'tis true, the nature of those misfortunes that have driven you from society, yet, I think, I hold a pre-eminence in sorrow to most people. However, it is my wish to be abstracted from myself, and to be permitted to meliorate the afflictions of others; if you can generously confide in a stranger, you will, I trust, never regret that confidence.

"I only request to be honoured with your commands, to procure for you a more suitable situation, and such attendance as your health requires.—Let me have the happiness of contributing to your comforts, and I will not personally intrude upon you any where, but when my presence may be deemed necessary to serve you."

Tears were the only answer that followed this request for some time. When a little more composed, she expressed the warmest acknowledgments

ledgments of a grateful heart.—“ At present, Sir,” continued she, “ I am incapable of entering upon the subject of my afflictions ; but I will candidly tell you, that tho’ I have met with the most barbarous duplicity, the most cruel treatment, yet every evil is aggravated by self-reproach. I planted a dagger in the heart of a tender mother—I violated duty, decorum, and prudence,—and the consequences have made me a wretch for ever.”

Manners, greatly moved, entreated her not to enter into any relations painful to herself ; curiosity was by no means a feature in his character. He saw she was ill and unhappy, that was sufficient,—he wanted no other stimulative to the offer of his best services.

“ Well, Sir,” said she, “ I see that you will compel me to be obliged to you. I thought it impossible that I should ever admit of favors from your sex again ; but Heaven forbid that I should lose my charity.—I am really very much exhausted by this unexpected interview ; if you will have the goodness to call upon me to-morrow, I hope I shall be better enabled to support the honour of your visit.”

Manners

Manners rose immediately, assured her he would not fail to avail himself of this obliging permission for another visit, and respectfully took leave; greatly interested for the unfortunate lady, who he concluded had been betrayed by some member of the *fashionable world*, deprived of her honour, and left to repent in bitterness of sorrow, the credulity of a weak mind, and a too susceptible heart.—But she was not the less an object of *compassion* in his eyes, tho' her conduct might not *challenge his esteem*;—grief, and patient endurance seemed to have undermined her health, and claimed pity and assistance.

He returned to the cottage of Mrs. Morelli, whose industrious family no less attracted his regards. He enquired particularly into their circumstances; the good woman displayed them with an air of perfect content, and gratitude to Heaven, that gave them health to labour, and a sufficiency for their support.

“We have two cows,” said she, “that give us milk, butter, and cheese, and an overplus to sell, that buys our wool and flax. We had once three goats that browsed upon the

mountain;—we were then rich indeed, but a distemper seized them, and they all died in three weeks.—’Twas a hard loss; but what then? ’twas God’s will, so we had nothing to do but be content and work the harder.”

“ But I suppose,” said Manners, “ your small farm would hold more cattle than two cows?”

“ To be sure it would; Lord bless you, there’s ground enough, if we had wherewith to fill it.—But that dont trouble us; if we cannot have one thing we have another.—We never want a wholesome meal, and go to bed at night with health, and with love to each other;—so we want for nothing but God’s grace, and the Holy Virgin’s protection, that we may rise again as happy and well, as when we lie down.”

“ O,” cried Manners, “ ye sons of luxury hear this simple account of content and happiness, then blush at your own folly.—Ye, who seek by dissipation and riot, by the pursuit of vicious pleasures, by seduction, adultery, and by entailing misery on the widow and fatherless, by a thousand culpable devices,

to

to procure pleasure, and find happiness, behold her *here*, dwelling with the children of nature; whilst only shame, satiety, and disgust, a premature old age, the conviction of a guilty conscience, and a too late repentance, attend you to the grave!"

Manners uttered this exclamation with a raised voice, and an expressive gesture, that quite terrified poor Mrs. Morelli, who had retreated from him, and looked at her daughter with fear and surprise; nor was Francisca more easy, her wheel was stopt, and her eyes fixed on him, whilst the children ran behind their mother.

Recovering from his momentary transport, and observing the faces round him, little as he was inclined to risibility, it was impossible for him to suppress a smile at their appearance and the recollection of his "thinking aloud."

"My good friends," said he, "be not surprised, it was in admiration of your comfortable situation, that I spake so loud."

"Well, to be sure," said the old woman, "I thought you were gone a little crazy or

fo.—But, may I ask, Sir, how you and the lady agreed?"

He replied to her satisfaction.—She was glad to hear he was to come again the next day, and hoped now the good lady would have some one fit to talk with; for since the priest died, she had been like a mope.

Manners accepted of a bason of milk; and assured her, as he took leave, that she should soon have her three goats to browse on the mountains, and every thing else she might want to make her rich, tho' happier she could not be. He gave a crown to each of the children, who had ventured from their hiding place on hearing their grandmother speak, and followed by the blessings of the good woman, directed his steps towards the city.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXV.

"With eyes up raised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired,
And from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd thro' the mellow horn her pensive soul."

WE shall leave Manners at the inn, indulging sorrow, and weakly courting affliction by a second reading of that manuscript which he thought had decided the colour of his future days to be unchangeably black, incapable as yet of deriving fortitude from the lessons they inculcated, or the necessity of rising above the contemplation of irremediable misfortunes. We shall now turn and look back on Hervey, for so we still call him, and his lovely daughter, not less sorrowing, but each nobly struggling to subdue

those feelings which they knew must communicate pain to the other.

When Hervey quitted his young friend, *his heart bled* for the infliction of such pangs as he knew his too susceptible guest would experience in perusing the manuscript.—He regretted the inconsiderate errors of his own conduct in assimilating two young persons under one roof so calculated to receive mutual impressions; still, however, he sought to believe that Christina's heart, guarded by the picture he had drawn, and the follies, not a little exaggerated, which shaded the character of Manners, would do away any favourable opinion she had entertained from the elegance of his person, and the fascinating softness of his air and voice.

Overwhelmed by a confusion of painful ideas, he found himself at his cottage, insensible of time or distance; he entered with a perturbation of spirits that was considerably increased when he beheld his lovely daughter, with eyes swelled and red, a pale cheek, and a look of sorrow, she vainly tried to disperse, and to convey an air of gladness on her countenance

tenance as he entered the room.—He saw the effort, and was shocked to see it was a smile of woe, so unusual in the face of his Christina, that it wounded his very soul.

Neither spoke for some moments, tho' each seemed desirous of it; at length Hervey, repressing a sigh that agitated his breast, said, "I left Mr. Manners in good hands, Father St. Jerome will see to his accommodations; we shall feel the loss of his society, but must consider it as a transient amusement, and now by resuming our customary employments with more diligence, we must draw on each other for future entertainment, as it is not likely, and indeed not to be wished, that accident should throw such another guest in this solitude; and unless by some very extraordinary event, that calls for our humanity, I am but little desirous of seeing any of the deceptive race of man under my roof."

Christina could not reply, she left the room in a confusion that shocked herself, and was but too visible to her father; who, unable to support the painful idea it conveyed, hastened

into the garden to walk and ruminate on the situation of his child.

Mean time Christina, sensible that her behaviour was extraordinary, and dreading what interpretation might be affixed to it, unable to define the nature of her own feelings, yet conscious they were such as she did not chuse to express, felt the necessity of struggling to subdue them, and to assume an aspect of cheerfulness that would be pleasing to her father.

She busied herself in preparing his repast, and then followed him to the garden; he saw her approach, and with a sensation of mingled admiration and concern, beheld a sweet smile beam on her pale face, which he welcomed as the effort of a sensible mind resolved to subdue transient impressions, from a conviction that they militated against her irrevocable destiny.

He took her hand, and entered into a cheerful desultory conversation that threw her ideas into a different channel; and the day passed off in a mutual endeavour to forget the

the want of that companion who had made such a chasm in their little society.

A kind deception on both sides emulous to cheer each other, made some hours pass apparently pleasing; but when the clock struck ten, it was welcomed by Christina as a relief she much wanted. Retiring to rest, she indulged in meditation, in reflection, and regret; till a train of painful ideas banished sleep, and tears spontaneous flowing from an overcharged heart, too plainly evinced the disorder of her mind.

From the earliest dawn of reason this young creature had been taught to consider herself as the "destined child of God,"—as a being favoured by Heaven with friends who sought her eternal welfare, by secluding her from the temptations of the world, and the wicked machinations of mankind.

The conversations and instructions of Father St. Jerome, the style of reading she was permitted to indulge in, and the history of her father's life, (tho' what related to her mother was briefly passed over, nor did she ever know that she was *stolen from a Convent*,) with occa-

sional observations deduced by her father from history, and the dissipations of modern times, were all calculated to inspire her with a dislike to the world, and a cheerful acquiescence to the plan designed to secure her peace, both in this world and the next.

In this passive and resigned state of mind, she continued till within the last twelve months before Manners made his appearance at the Cottage.

She was one day arranging her father's closet, and placing some books on the shelves, when a letter dropped from between the leaves of one, which she took up, it was unsealed. A new and sudden emotion of curiosity, to which she had hitherto been a stranger, prompted her to open and read it, without being conscious of any impropriety in so doing.

This letter was from Alexis, and dated from Berne.—He there lamented the restriction that kept him from visiting his first benefactor; and slightly touched on the “cruel fate” that would deprive a father of his child, and condemned that child to a seclusion from the world. But that event being irrevocable, he
could

could only look forward to it, as a period that would restore him to the dear friend of his blessed De Bude, and his early instructor.

He then proceeded to mention the beauties of the city, the amusements he engaged in, and the characters of several persons of both sexes with whom he was acquainted.

This letter Christina perused twice over ; it was new and extraordinary in all its parts, and made a deep impression on her mind never to be eradicated. She had always believed there was no one sentiment of the soul but what had been reciprocally revealed between her and her father ;—she had never been told of this correspondence,—never had those amusing letters read to her ; the pictures drawn by Alexis of this city, its pleasures, and inhabitants, did not accord with the descriptions given of them by her father.

She was puzzled, lost in conjecture, why “ fate ” should have ordained her to be a Nun,—why this Alexis was not permitted to visit them,—and wherefore the period that was drawing near for *her* seclusion, was to emancipate her parent from the solitude that had seemed

seemed to be his choice, and join him to Alexis, as she supposed in this great city.

The contents of this letter were engraven on the tablet of her memory ; she replaced it in the book, and the silence her father had observed respecting it, she concluded obliged her also to conceal the chance discovery she had made.

'Till this hour Christina had not a thought unrevealed ; nor had she for a single moment regretted that she was destined to a Convent. On the contrary, she looked forward to the time with pleasure, as her father had assured her he should live near, and often visit her.— She knew she should there have many companions of her own sex ; and in the few visits she had been permitted to make to her aunt, both that lady and the sisterhood had painted the calm delights, the pleasing society found in Convents, in the most seductive point of view ; from whence she concluded, that in such a retirement, she would not only enjoy the pleasures of fine gardens and agreeable walks, but have all the delights attached to friendship and reciprocal

reciprocal affection, with female companions, so much her wish to obtain.

This ideal expected felicity no longer charmed her imagination; the letter she had read opened a wide field for conjecture, gave her new ideas of the world, and she saw her destination to a conventual life was regarded as an evil, and was the cause why this Alexis did not visit her father; also, that when she entered the Convent, they were to meet again.

From this hour peace was no longer the inmate of Christina's bosom. She found there were secrets relative to her and her family, from the knowledge of which she was excluded; and she no longer beheld her father with that perfect confidence and unbounded affection she had been accustomed to feel.— In *his* presence she endeavoured to behave as heretofore, and he, not conscious of the dangerous information she had obtained, did not observe, or investigate, the cause of many little clouded moments which she could not always disguise.

Months rolled on in this manner, no more letters fell in her way, but she had no doubt
but

but that he often had such from Alexis, who seemed to *deplore her fate*, and her father's seclusion on *her account*.—She grew pensive and uneasy, the prospect of her entrance into the Convent no longer afforded pleasure ; even the society of female companions, so often wished for, ceased to charm her visionary hours ; and the only moments that gave her any degree of pleasure, were those, when escaped from her father, she could indulge contemplation, and retrace the descriptive parts of the fatal letter.

Gay visions danced before her eyes of the delightful city and its cheerful inhabitants ; and a lively imagination, that till this period had lain dormant, now painted every scene in the most glaring colours. In vain she endeavoured to repress them, by calling to her mind that irrevocable, inevitable fate, that condemned her to a cloyster.—On the contrary, the mystery that seemed to envelope her, and the secrecy of her father, now pained her in the severest manner ; and gave her pangs of curiosity she had never before been sensible of, which gradually undermined her peace, and rendered her

her prospects gloomy and less desirable every day.

Such was the state of Christina's mind, when accident brought Manners to the Cottage.—Her ideas always dwelling on Alexis, when she saw him advance, an involuntary start and shriek escaped her; and whilst her eyes modestly fell under his ardent gaze, her ears waited to catch the sound of his name. Nor even when he was afterwards presented to her, till she heard the outlines of his story, could she be persuaded to give up the hope and belief, that in this charming stranger she beheld the man who pitied "*her fate*."

But a few days rendered her indifferent to a name so long cherished; the elegant person of Manners, his delicate attentions, and the charms of his conversation soon made an interest in a susceptible heart, hitherto unknowing of any object that could agitate her bosom.—Emotions new and undescribable fluttered her whole frame; she would hang for hours, with a pleasure unfelt before, on his agreeable conversations; and every little attention directed to herself, gave her unspeakable delight.

During

During this enthusiasm of the soul, she often turned her eyes on her father; she observed their expression, she felt it as a reproof, and she grew more cautious.—An innate modesty presided over every look, word, and action, yet she seemed conscious that the tenderness of her heart betrayed itself in her countenance. She was not mistaken, Hervey read the souls of both, and trembled at the discovery.

It was then that he repeated to her the story of Manners, and by exaggerating every error into a crime, he thought to expel the poison of prepossession which he feared was gaining fast in her mind in favour of their guest. But alas! he was wise too late—the sentiments, the behaviour of Manners, and the regard she could perceive her father had for him, had already fixed his image in her heart; and before she knew the meaning of the word *love*, she had cherished the little deity in her bosom, and was become one of his warmest votaries.

Hervey grew every hour more sensible of his own imprudence, and the dangers that threatened the peace of his child, and determined

mined to break off the fascinating intercourse so inimical to his views, and their future happiness.

We have seen the plan he pursued to get rid of Manners, with whose conversation, and docile attention to his instructions, he was little less attached than his daughter; he saw a rich soil uncultivated, that wanted only an intelligent kind friend to manure it, and the produce would abundantly repay the labour it required.

In a short time he derived as much pleasure, as his young pupil did profit, in the employment he had chosen, until his eyes were opened to the dangerous situation of his child; and he was compelled to relinquish the pleasure of society, and drive his guest abruptly from his house.

We have already seen what were the feelings of Christina when this event took place—the pain that Hervey felt from his observations, and the mutual endeavour to assume a cheerfulness that was far, very far from being an inmate of their bosoms.

Tranquillity

Tranquillity no longer presided in their little dwelling — Christina availed herself of every opportunity to steal into the garden, enter the rustic arbour where she had often sat with Manners and her father, and enjoyed in their conversations, “the feast of reason, and the flow of souls,”—here she indulged in painful retrospections, courted soft melancholy, and conscious that her fate was inevitable, that she should see this all accomplished man no more.—Hopeless and despairing, she cast her eyes to Heaven, and implored the Divine Being to strengthen her mind, to grant her a patient endurance of present ills, and fortitude to combat against that fatal prepossession which militated against the duty imposed upon her, and to which she had heretofore cheerfully submitted.

“The world is not made for me,” said she, “I know it not but by representations that certainly were not alluring.—But Alexis, yes, Alexis did give some descriptive sketches of places and persons that were entertaining, and not altogether accordant with the picture impressed upon my mind by the information I obtained

obtained from my father, and the books I have perused.—Yet the story of Mr. Manners proves that vice and duplicity does exist in society, and that he is himself a sufferer from the crimes of others, and the errors of his own conduct.”

Poor Christina grew every hour more lost in conjecture, more restless from curiosity, and less able to reconcile the many contradictions that tormented her imagination.

The constraint with which she suppressed her feelings, in spite of every effort to appear cheerful, was diffused over her features, was visible in every look and motion, to the watchful eye of her father; and his vexation and chagrin increased in proportion to the anxiety that often clouded her once open and intelligent countenance.

One evening when silence had prevailed for some time, each occupied by their own reflections, Hervey, whose eyes were fixed on the drooping Christina, agitated by a sudden impulse, caught her hand, and pressing it to his bosom, said,—“O, my child, you are not happy, and I have lost your confidence!”

“My

“My dear, my beloved father!” exclaimed she, tears bursting from her surcharged eyes, “have pity on me, I will not deceive you, I am not happy! I fear,” added she, deeply blushing, “I believe I have done wrong, unintentionally, and at the time, unconscious that I was guilty of an error—but now my mind is more enlightened, and the consequences of my indiscreet culpable curiosity have awakened me to a sense of my fault, and the punishment attending it.”

“What can my child mean, what fault, what errors can possibly be attached to *her* conduct?”

“O, my father,” returned she, “I am unworthy of this generous confidence, let the humiliation I feel in that conviction plead in my behalf—hear me with *shame*, ah! that your Christina should be so degraded by her folly,—with confusion acknowledge my irreparable fault—alas! it is indeed irreparable.”

Whilst Hervey sat mute with astonishment and terror, a thousand horrid and ill-founded suspicions darting into his mind, the ingenuous afflicted girl related the circumstance of the

the

the letter from Alexis falling into her hands, her imprudence in reading it, the subsequent doubts, the illusive ideas that followed, and the effect it had upon her imagination, from the descriptive style of the letter, so different from her former conception of men and manners.

Hervey groaned, he saw at once the future misery of his child—he could not speak, he pressed her hand more tenderly. “My beloved father,” said she, “I see your tender affection struggling against your reason, your countenance accords not with this dear pressure; but,” added she, with an animated look, “my whole heart shall be open before you; greatly as I have erred, I feel my fortitude strengthened, and when that heart is disburthened, I doubt not but I shall acquire resolution to shut it for ever from such sentiments as have disturbed my tranquillity, and militate against the duty I owe to you, and to the destiny that awaits me.”

Then in a slow tremulous voice, she described the effects which the person and conversation of Manners produced in her mind,
the

the partiality she could not repress, and the anxiety that had constantly dwelt on her heart from the moment of his departure.

In short, with equal candour and delicacy, almost unexampled, she made her father her confidant and confessor, and concluded with imploring his pardon for errors that proceeded from youth and inexperience; entreating his paternal assistance to calm the tumults of an ungovernable heart, to strengthen her weak resolves, and enable her to follow the path chalked out for her, with more than submission,—with cheerful piety.

Having thus unreservedly explained every feeling of her soul, she kissed the hand of her father, resumed her seat, and with a look of dignified consciousness that she had now acted agreeably to duty and honour, she threw her eyes on the ground, in trembling expectation of her parent's reply.

The feelings of Hervey it would be impossible to delineate,—pity, sorrow, admiration, and self-reproach, agitated his whole soul, and rendered articulation a vain attempt; he arose, warmly embraced his child in pathetic silence,

silence, kissed, and pressed her hand to his throbbing bosom; then breaking from her, he retired to another apartment to indulge the emotions he could no longer suppress without wounding the already deeply afflicted and too sensible heart of his dearly beloved daughter.

What painful retrospections crowded on his mind! the indulgence of an early, imprudent inclination, had not only clouded his own days with sorrow, but had drawn on his innocent child a miserable fate that could only terminate with her existence.

Her heart had received indelible impressions, she had an idea of a fascinating world, she was in love with an amiable object that would for ever dwell on her memory.

That Convent, once so desirable, she would consider now as the grave of her happiness; regret, ungovernable wishes vainly endeavoured to be suppressed, would mix with her devotions—would follow her to the altar;—and the constant struggle of a delicate mind between a sense of duty and inclinations which she reprobated, but which would constantly agitate the refractory heart, must render her a
miserable

miserable victim to the unpardonable errors of her guilty parents, and his weak compliance with the requisition of an unhappy, repentant, superstitious mother.

“O!” cried he, clasping his hands in an agony, and with an imploring eye looking up to Heaven,—“O, thou power supreme! have pity on my hapless child!—let not the innocent suffer for the guilty!—Years of repentance have followed the commission of my errors.—The broken vows of my unfortunate wife have risen in judgment against me; the fate of my child has been a source of constant sorrow, of bitter punishment.—Spare, O spare an ill-starred daughter,—restore that tranquillity which an act of humanity has disturbed; let me *alone suffer*, and I will kiss the rod with patient endurance.”

Whilst the unhappy Hervey thus deplored the consequences of youthful impetuosity, and a rashly indulged passion, Christina experienced that innate satisfaction which attends self-approbation. No longer oppressed by painful secrets, her heart felt lightened from the reproach of concealment and duplicity;

plicity. She had afflicted her father it was true, but she saw tenderness predominated over displeasure, and she trusted his counsel and her own endeavours to restore *his* peace, would in time triumph over those sentiments, and that partiality, so inimical to her own tranquillity, and the religious duties to which she was devoted.

It was a full hour before Hervey had acquired firmness of mind to return to his daughter. When he entered the room, she ran to meet him,—“Forgive me, my beloved father, forgive your Christina, I will no more offend you; my heart is in your hands, you shall guide it henceforth as you please.”

Affected by her candour and sweet humility, he folded his arms round her,—“My dearest child, has not, cannot offend me;—if you have erred, my Christina, those errors were natural and involuntary, you have made full atonement for them by the confidence you have placed in me; and in return, my heart shall be unlocked to you.—You shall know the story of your unfortunate parents, and will learn from this communication the

mifery and too late repentance, which attends the indulgence of paffion, without reason for its basis, the ill confequences that result from hasty and imprudent connexions, and will, I trust, adduce thefe truths from our miffortunes, that—to ftruggle againft the foft emotions of the heart, to refift the tide of paffion, and fubmit to the voice of reason and prudence, can only give a temporary affliction, a pang of difappointment, which time foftens, and judgment difperfes.—But, when head-ftrong inclination is fuffered to hold the reins, and break thro’ every barrier of honour and difcretion, fhort are the hours of pleafure; the veil of delufive happinefs is quickly withdrawn, forrow and remorse tread clofe on the heels of rapture, reflection and unavailing repentance feize faft hold on the mind, and embitter every fucceeding day of our lives.

“Premifing this,” concluded Hervey, “I fhall give for your perufal a manufcript not intended for you to read ’till after you had taken the veil; but circumftances I could not forefee, induce me to commit it to you now. A copy is already in the poffeffion of Mr. Manners,

Manners, and I shall think very meanly of *my own judgment*, if *his* does not acquit *me* for the abrupt dismissal I was compelled to give him, equally as much against my own inclinations, as contrary to his wishes."

The following morning, Hervey delivered the manuscript to his daughter; she hastened to her favourite arbour to peruse it, and thus engaged we will leave *her* to look back on Manners, who we quitted at the inn engaged also in a similar employment.

C H A P. XXVI.

“ A wrong head in man or woman, may be convinced, may have a right turn given to it ; but when a good heart is wanting, 'tis an herculean labour to eradicate bad principles, and make a second nature—for habits are not easily changed.”

WHEN Manners returned to the Inn, like a miser, eager to view his hoards, he hastened to his room, unlocked his trunk, and prepared to read the fatal manuscript that had decided his destiny, a second time. His faithful William coming to his apartment several times whilst his master was thus engaged, beheld his agitation with surprise and concern. He saw there was a secret cause, some painful event, with which he was unacquainted, that occasioned fresh sorrow, and seemed to overwhelm his beloved master with inexpressible anguish.

The dinner was sent down untasted, heavy sighs issued from his bosom, it was with pain he uttered even monosyllables; and the affectionate domestic when he undressed him at night,

night, could no longer repress his grief and curiosity.

“Ah! Sir,” said he, “I beseech you, do not thus give way to sorrow and destroy yourself; my heart bleeds to see you—can I render you any service that may tend to lessen your afflictions?—I will go to the furthest parts of the globe to serve you.—Do, my dear master, try to conquer your feelings; a noble mind, like your’s, should acquire fortitude from reason.”

Manners raised his head, he felt the full force of his servant’s reproof, and knew how to appreciate his zeal and affection.

“William,” he replied, “misfortune has emptied her whole quiver on my devoted head.—My heart has been lacerated by additional and *incurable sorrows*;—the phantom hope can no more delude me—happiness can never reach me in my own person,—but I will endeavour to make my life serviceable to others.”

“Yes,” added he, sighing and replacing the manuscript, “yes, henceforth it shall be my care to trace out the afflicted; to relieve the wretched, if pecuniary aids can do it; and by lightening the woes of others, less miserable

than myself, attain the only gratification fortune can ever bestow on me."

"Thank God," cried William, "you will then be yourself again; for, I am sure, such is your nature, Sir, that you cannot communicate comfort to others, without deriving pleasure to yourself;—and in the blessed employment of relieving the unfortunate, your own sorrows will insensibly vanish."

"At least," cried Manners, "I shall do my duty, and be a faithful steward to dispense the the fortune I am entrusted with, for the benefit of the many more worthy, but less prosperous in worldly gifts, than myself."

This idea for a short time seemed to tranquilize his mind; and the probability that he had already found an amiable unfortunate who had claims upon his humanity, whatever might have been her errors, afforded him a transient gleam of satisfaction that beguiled him of a few hours rest, nature being wearied by want of repose, and the agitations of his mind, the preceding day and night.

At the morning's dawn he arose somewhat refreshed, and immediately seated himself to write to his late hospitable entertainer, the
father

father of his adored Christina. The most painful emotions took possession of his soul—what could he write, how conceal the misery that oppressed him?—in what terms address a man he respected and loved, who was the involuntary inflictor of hopeless anguish, whose peace had been broken in upon, and whose domestic comforts had been disturbed by an act of benevolence?

“Wretch as I am,” cried he, throwing down the pen, I have planted thorns in the breast of my benefactor,—he fears for the repose of his Angel child.—Ah! how shall I execrate myself, if one tender thought of me, if a moment of regret draws a sigh from her gentle bosom for the unhappy Manners!—O, lovely and beloved Christina; may Heaven guard *thy peace*!—Let me not be curst with the thought that I have wounded her feelings, for whose happiness I would sacrifice most willingly a thousand lives!”

Again he took up the pen, “he was enjoined to write, the sting of ingratitude would fasten on him, if he neglected to perform an indispensable duty.”—This reflection gave him courage; he made the effort, his heart soon
guided

guided the pen, and he had almost unconsciously written a long letter,—a letter that portrayed the feelings of that heart, overflowing with love, respect, despair and anguish.

The entrance of William recalled his heated imagination to more order; he was astonished at the quantity he had written—he ran it over, was dissatisfied, but to begin again was impossible; he despaired of writing with more moderation or correctness—he simply added a postscript to entreat the pity and indulgence of his friend, and to tell him that he would not leave that city until he received an answer.

After taking his coffee he prepared to pay his promised visit. He told William it was uncertain at what hour he should return, therefore he might dispose of his time as he liked. The servant was surprised, and not less uneasy; he had observed the tumults that appeared to agitate him, and dreading the consequences of a momentary start of passion, he resolved to follow his steps at a distance.

Manners found no difficulty in retracing the way to the Cottages, and entered that of Morelli without ceremony. Francisca was instructing her children, her mother preparing the

the flax for the wheel—an exclamation of joy escaped from each when he stood before them.

“My good young gentleman, thank God you are a man of your word!—Yes, I saw it in your eyes; I knew you was both noble and charitable.”

“I am thankful for your good opinion, my dear mother,” returned he, “and wish to deserve it; I hope, when we are better acquainted I shall continue to retain your kind word; tho’ I must tell you that I am not a nobleman.”

“Well, no matter for that, you *deserve* to be one, and that’s still better.—Lord bless you, I have heard of Nobles that deserve a halter; and many a poor man, that if he had his deserts would be as rich as a Lord.—But all’s one, God is no respecter of persons, and the riches of the honest poor will be known hereafter.”—“True, my good woman,” said he, “and your share will not be a small one, I believe.—But how is the lady?”

“Better, thank God,—why you can’t think how she praised your civil behaviour yesterday. But she was a good deal flurried, that’s the truth; however, she seems better to-day.—Ah, good lady, Heaven restore her, I say.”—

Manners

Manners joined in the Amen fervently uttered by Francisca, and then requested Mrs. Morelli to announce him.

She soon returned with an invitation, and he was agreeably surprised to find the lady seated on the sofa, without the support of pillows to her head; and as he entered a fine blush overspread her cheeks, that for a short time occasioned her to look very handsome.

She politely welcomed him,—“Humanity, Sir, must be a strong feature in your character, since it has induced you to make this visit, from whence you can derive neither pleasure nor advantage.”

“Pardon me, Madam,” returned he, “if I am sanguine enough to expect both; the first I already experience by seeing you apparently more in health than I found you yesterday.”

“Persons in my situation,” answered she, “have often temporary intervals of ease.—I am indeed better, and I will own too, that I am not a little indebted to your attentions, to the soothing voice of sympathy, a cordial to the unfortunate, long since a stranger to my ears;—for tho’ I have inexpressible obligations

sions to the worthy Mrs. Morelli and her family, and feel for them the highest regard, yet minds must assimilate, and be capable of feeling reciprocal pleasure in conversation, to convey any satisfaction to either party.—The language of nature speaks more to the heart than to the understanding, and false refinements make us prefer the artificial to the natural, because custom and education has made it more congenial to our feelings.”

Manners was delighted to find her in so much better spirits than on the preceding day, his own felt the benefit of her cheerfulness; they talked on several subjects, and each was pleased with the sentiments of the other.—At length he observed, that a habitation so solitary, among very uninformed, tho’ very good people, without any acquaintance suited to a lady of her understanding, must be a situation replete with many mortifications to a sensible mind; and he hoped he might be pardoned if he took the liberty to advise a removal among persons more adapted to afford her amusement.

She was silent a few moments, and appeared to be struggling with emotions too powerful
for

for her *weakened* frame to contend with, for after vainly trying to suppress them, she burst into tears. Her guest apologized if he had unintentionally given her pain.

“No Sir,” said she, “I have nothing to accuse you with, I am much indebted for your kind consideration; I will endeavour to acquire sufficient composure to relate the chief incidents of my life as I engaged to do—you will then judge how far I am entitled to your favourable opinion, and whether the sufferings of a much injured woman, may be allowed to expiate her offences against duty, decorum, and judgment.—I seek not to screen my errors by professing ignorance of the world, and the delusions of mankind; no, mine were not the errors of judgment, but the weakness of a too susceptible heart. I will order some refreshment and then enter upon my story.”

When the coffee was removed, she was silent a few moments as if trying to gather strength, and to recollect the incidents she was about to relate, and then began in the following words.

END OF VOL. II.

